



RIDE THRILLING WESTERN TRAILS WITH THE

VIGILANTE



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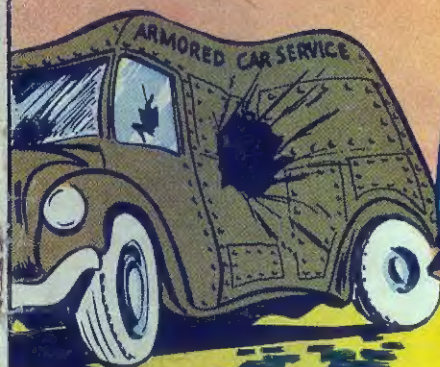
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ACTION COMICS

APR. NO.167

WHERE DO THEY
COME FROM? WHY
DID THEY STEAL
PENNIES? CAN
SUPERMAN
STOP THE WEIRD
MENACE OF...

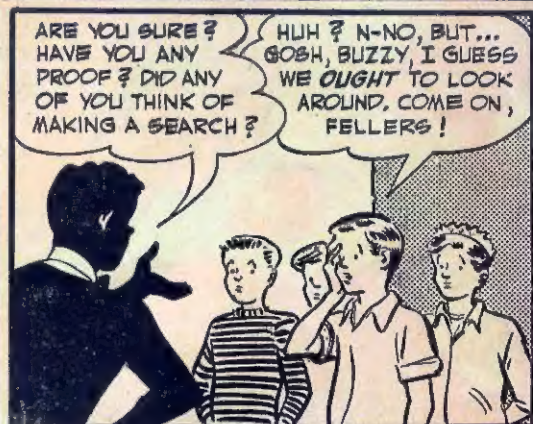
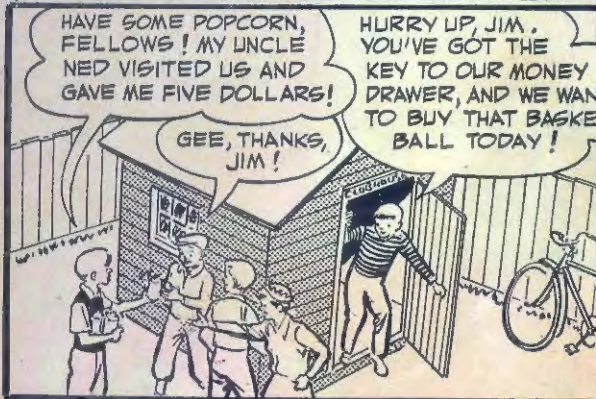
**"THE
MACHINES
of CRIME"**



Buzzy

says

"BE SURE OF YOUR FACTS!"



THIS PAGE IS PUBLISHED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE IN COOPERATION WITH LEADING NATIONAL SOCIAL WELFARE AND YOUTH-SERVING ORGANIZATIONS.

ACTION COMICS, No. 167, April, 1952. Published monthly by National Comics Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Whitney Ellsworth, Editor. Entered as second class matter April 4, 1938 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. \$1.50 including postage. Foreign, \$3.00 in American funds. For advertising rates address Richard A. Feldon & Co., 205 E. 42nd

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Printed in U.S.A.

SUPERMAN

U. S. PAT. OFF.

A NEW KIND OF CRIME WAVE SWEEPS METROPOLIS! A SERIES OF CRIMES FOR WHICH THE POLICE CAN ARREST NO ONE—YES, FANTASTIC WHIRLING **SPHERES** CARRY OUT DEEDS OF PLUNDER AND HOLD AN ENTIRE CITY IN A GRIP OF TERROR! EVEN **SUPERMAN** IS BAFFLED BY THESE INGENUOUS DEVICES WHICH ACT WITH CRIMINAL CUNNING BUT FOR WHICH NO MAN CAN BE PROVED RESPONSIBLE! WHAT IS THE SOLUTION TO THIS FABULOUS REIGN OF PLUNDER WHICH IS UNTOUCHED BY HUMAN HAND? YOU'LL BE SHOCKED WHEN THE MAN OF STEEL FINALLY LEARNS THE SECRET OF...

"The MACHINES of CRIME!"

YOU CAN'T ARREST ME, **SUPERMAN**, BECAUSE YOU CAN'T PROVE I'M OPERATING THEM! AND YOU'D BETTER LET THOSE **SPHERES** GO—THERE'S NO LAW THAT SAYS YOU CAN ARREST A MACHINE!



ONE NIGHT, ON THE MAIN STREET OF METROPOLIS, A STARTLING SIGHT SENDS A WAVE OF PANIC THROUGH THE THROG OF MERRY-MAKERS...

THOSE... THOSE SPHERES! WHAT ARE THEY?

THE SHIMMERING COLORS MAKE ME DIZZY!



UNMINDFUL OF THE SENSATION, THE GLOBES OF WHIRLING COLOR PROCEED TO THE NATIONAL BANK WHERE...

THE BANK'S BEING BROKEN INTO BY... BY FANTASTIC MACHINES!



AND A MOMENT AFTER, IN THE BASEMENT OF THE BANK, ONE MAMMOTH SPHERE AFTER ANOTHER HURTLES AGAINST THE VAULT DOOR AS IF FLUNG BY A GIANT IN A FABULOUS GAME OF NINEPINS...

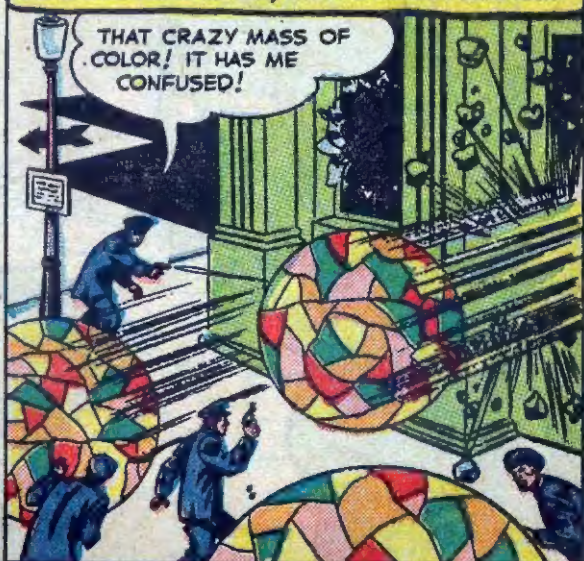


SUDDENLY, GREAT SHAFTS JUT FROM THE GLOBES AND, LIKE THE GRASP OF A MECHANICAL MIDAS, SCOOP UP THE STORED WEALTH...



AND SECONDS AFTER, ON THE STREET ABOVE...

THAT CRAZY MASS OF COLOR! IT HAS ME CONFUSED!



THE BULLETS!
THEY JUST
BOUNCE OFF!

I CAN'T SEEM TO CONCENTRATE!
THOSE STRANGE, CHANGING
COLORS HAVE ME *HYPNOTIZED*!



AND SHORTLY AFTER, IN THE OFFICE OF THE DAILY PLANET, REPORTER CLARK KENT TAKES A STARTLED LOOK AT THE NEWS COMING IN OVER THE TELETYPE...

I'D BETTER CHECK ON
THIS... AS *SUPERMAN*!



STRANGE MACHINES, BELIEVED TO BE
REMOTE CONTROLLED BY CRIMINALS, TO-
NIGHT ROBBED THE CITY NATIONAL BANK

MOMENTS LATER, IN AN ALLEY OUTSIDE THE
PLANET OFFICE, THE MEEK CLARK KENT SWITCHES
TO THE MAN OF STEEL...

THE REPORT FROM
POLICE HEADQUARTERS
SAID THE STRANGE
MACHINES WERE LAST
SEEN HEADING
TOWARD THE OCEAN
FRONT!



SECONDS AFTER...

I WAS BRINGIN' IN MY NETS
WHEN THEY WENT WHIZZIN' BY!
I THINK THEY WENT UNDER THE
OCEAN! BUT I CAN'T SAY FOR
SURE! IT WAS THOSE COLORS!
THEY SORT OF HYPNOTIZED
ME!

THE CROOK WHO
THOUGHT THIS
ONE UP HAD A
CLEVER SCHEME!
IMAGINE...
MACHINES TO
DO HIS LOOTING
FOR HIM!



NOBODY WAS CERTAIN, BUT IT SEEMS THE
MACHINES WENT INTO THE OCEAN! BY
CONCENTRATING, I CAN LENGTHEN THE WAVES
OF MY X-RAY VISION ENOUGH FOR THEM TO
BECOME *LIGHT RAYS* AND ILLUMINATE THE
OCEAN FLOOR!



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L
Y
I'VE COVERED A HUNDRED SQUARE
MILES OF OCEAN WITHOUT SPOTTING
THEM! HMM... THEY MAY HAVE GOTTEN
FAR TO SEA AND I HAVEN'T TIME NOW
TO SEARCH THE ENTIRE OCEAN FLOOR!



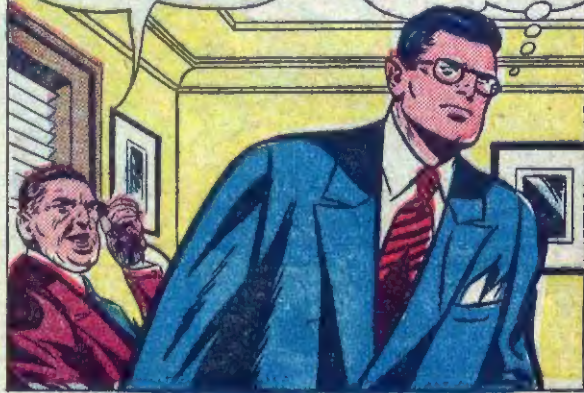
AND NEXT DAY, IN THE OFFICE OF PERRY WHITE, MANAGING EDITOR OF THE DAILY PLANET...

CLARK, THE BANK OFFICIALS SAY THE ONLY THINGS MISSING FROM THE VAULT ARE THE BAGS OF PENNIES!

LOOKS AS IF WHO-EVER'S RUNNING THOSE MACHINES GOT FOOLED, CHIEF! BUT THEY MAY HAVE BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME! (UNLESS I CAN STOP THEM AS SUPERMAN!)

RIGHT! WE'LL GET A MAN OVER THERE! CLARK! GO OVER TO THE ATLAS GARAGE! THOSE MACHINES HAVE STRUCK AGAIN!

I'M ON MY WAY, CHIEF! (ONCE I'VE SWITCHED TO SUPERMAN, I'M PRACTICALLY THERE!)



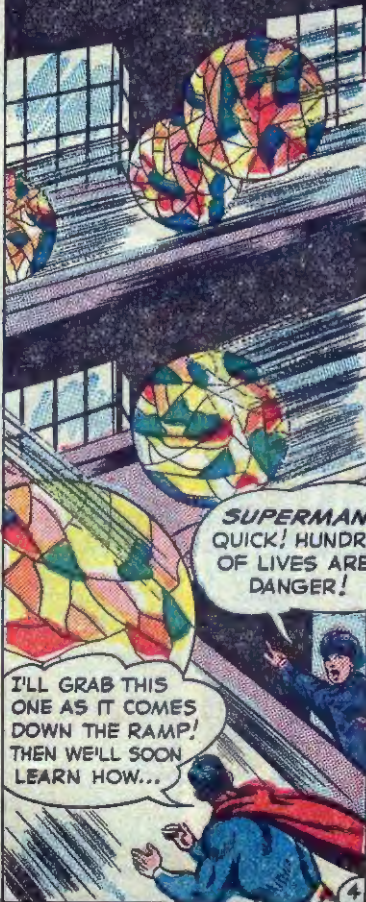
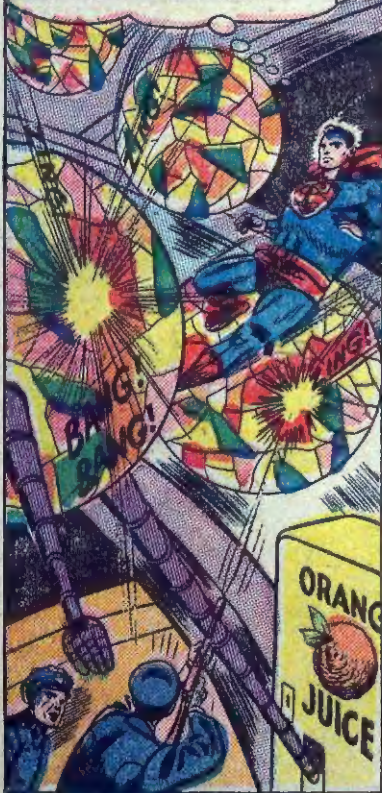
SECONDS LATER, THE MAN OF STEEL ARRIVES AT THE ATLAS GARAGE IN TIME TO WITNESS AN AMAZING SIGHT...

IT'S FANTASTIC! THE GLOBES HAVE SENT OUT TELESCOPIC TUBES FROM WITHIN AND THEY'RE SIPHONING THE ORANGE JUICE FROM THE SOFT DRINK MACHINES!

BUT AS SUPERMAN GOES INTO ACTION AGAINST THE MECHANICAL THIEVES...

INSTANTLY, THE MAN OF TOMORROW HEEDS THE CALL FOR HELP! AND...

THEY'RE BURROWING UNDER THE BRIDGE SUPPORT! THE SPAN'S ABOUT TO BREAK LOOSE AND HURTLE HUNDREDS TO THEIR DOOM!



SUPERMAN! QUICK! HUNDREDS OF LIVES ARE IN DANGER!

I'LL GRAB THIS ONE AS IT COMES DOWN THE RAMP! THEN WE'LL SOON LEARN HOW...



LIKE A SPEEDING ROCKET, SUPERMAN ZOOMS TOWARD THE CRUMBLING SPAN! WHEN...

THOSE SPHERES HAVE COMPLETELY UNDERMINED THE BRIDGE TOWER! IT'S BROKEN FROM THE SPAN!



BUT A SPLIT SECOND AFTER...



I'LL REPAIR THIS LATER, BUT FIRST, I WANT EVERYONE TO GET TO SAFETY!

SOMETIME LATER, IN THE LARGE PENITENTIARY NEAR METROPOLIS...

THERE'S THE ONE SCIENTIST WHO IS CAPABLE OF OPERATING THE FANTASTIC CRIMINAL MACHINES, GENTLEMEN! LUTHOR-- AND, AS YOU SEE, HE'S SAFELY IN PRISON!

WE EXAMINED EVERY INCH OF HIS CELL-- NO CHANCE HE COULD BE RUNNING THE SPHERES FROM HERE!



WHAT ABOUT PROFESSOR NERO? HE HAS A LABORATORY ON THE EDGE OF TOWN FULL OF STRANGE EQUIPMENT AND NOBODY KNOWS WHAT HE'S USING IT FOR!

THANKS, DR. ALLEN! WE'LL CHECK ON PROFESSOR NERO! ANY OTHER SUGGESTIONS?



I AM HONORED! NO ONE HAS SHOWN INTEREST IN MY WORK BEFORE! OH, EXCUSE ME A MOMENT! I WAS CONCLUDING AN...ER...EXPERIMENT WHEN YOU ARRIVED!

HMM... MY X-RAY VISION REVEALS AN ULTRA-HIGH FREQUENCY TRANSMITTER BEHIND THAT BOARD! HE COULD BE USING IT FOR REMOTE CONTROL OF SOME DISTANT MACHINE!

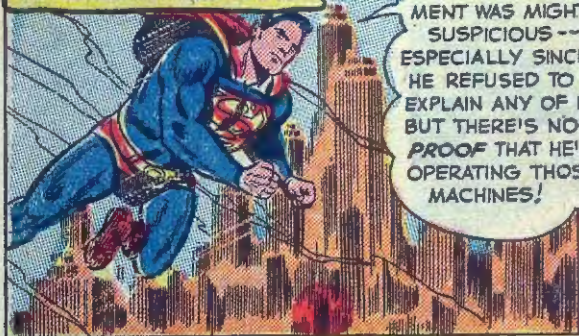


SOON AFTER, IN THE LABORATORY OF THE MYSTERIOUS PROFESSOR NERO...

YOU ARE ALWAYS WELCOME TO INSPECT THE LABORATORY OF PROFESSOR NERO, GENTLEMEN! BUT I'M AFRAID I CANNOT EXPLAIN WHAT THESE DEVICES ARE FOR-- THAT IS SECRET!



AND LATER, AS **SUPERMAN** WINGS HIS WAY OVER METROPOLIS...



PROFESSOR NERO'S EQUIPMENT WAS MIGHTY SUSPICIOUS -- ESPECIALLY SINCE HE REFUSED TO EXPLAIN ANY OF IT! BUT THERE'S NO PROOF THAT HE'S OPERATING THOSE MACHINES!

SUDDENLY, THE MAN OF TOMORROW'S TELESCOPIC VISION BRINGS A DISTANT SCENE INTO SHARP FOCUS...

THOSE MASSES OF COLOR WHIRLING TOWARD THE FIREWORKS FACTORY! THE **SPHERES** HAVE FOUND ANOTHER TARGET TO PLUNDER!



AND AN INSTANT AFTER...

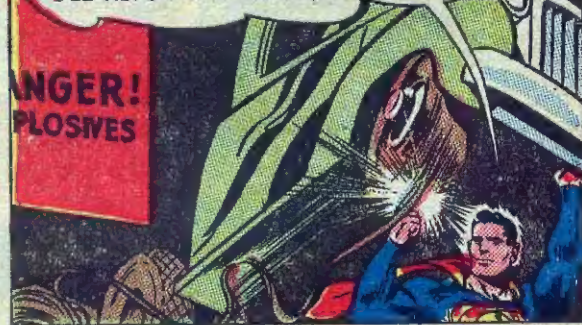
THEY'RE MAKING OFF WITH A FORTUNE IN FIREWORKS! AND THERE'S NO WAY TO STOP THEM!

THOSE GLOBES HAVE ALREADY FILLED THEMSELVES WITH EXPLOSIVE! IF I ATTACK THEM HERE, THERE MAY BE AN EXPLOSION WHICH WOULD TAKE DOZENS OF LIVES! HMM... I HAVE AN IDEA!



WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT, **SUPERMAN** GOES TO THE FACTORY'S LOADING PLATFORM WHERE...

USING THE EDGE OF MY HAND AS A KNIFE, I CAN CUT A HUNDRED-YARD LONG STRAND OF VERY THIN RUBBER FROM THIS TIRE! I'LL REPLACE IT LATER!



AND A SECOND LATER, BACK IN THE PLANT...

NOW TO LOOP THIS RUBBER STRAND AROUND THAT **SPHERE**...

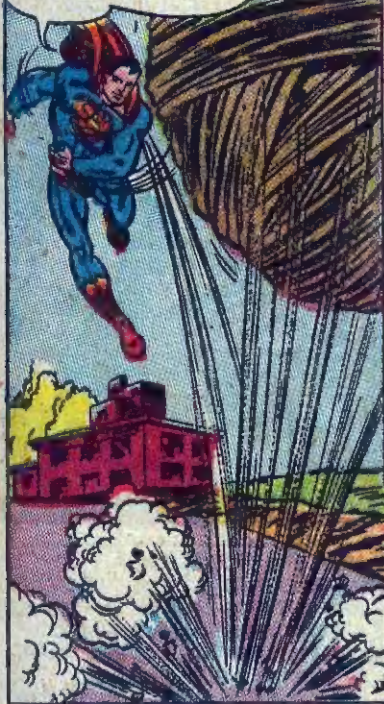


... AND AS IT WHIRLS, IT WILL WRAP ITSELF IN A RUBBER COCOON!



THEN, AS IF HANDLING A MAMMOTH GOLF BALL, SUPERMAN HEADS BACK TOWARD THE CITY...

THE THIN STRAND OF RUBBER IS WRAPPED AROUND THE SPHERE JUST THE WAY THE CORE OF A GOLF BALL IS WOUND! NOW IT'S SHOCK-PROOF AND THE FIREWORKS WON'T GO OFF!



AND AFTERWARDS, OUTSIDE POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

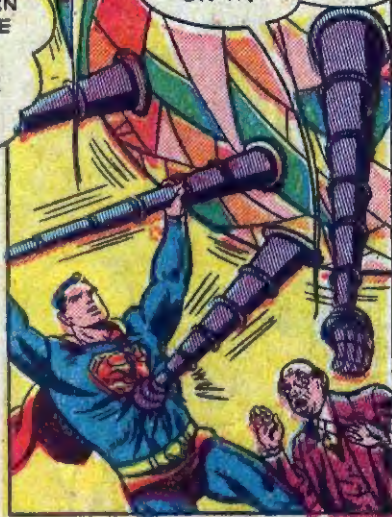
I'VE CAPTURED ONE OF THESE STRANGE MACHINES, COMMISSIONER! NOW I CAN EXAMINE IT WITH MY X-RAY VISION AND FIND OUT WHAT MAKES IT WORK!

UNLESS YOU CAN LEARN WHO'S DIRECTING THESE SPHERES, WE'RE AS STUMPED AS BEFORE, SUPERMAN! WE CAN'T ARREST A MACHINE!



MY X-RAY VISION-- IT CAN'T PENETRATE THE SPHERE'S SHELL! IT MUST BE LINED WITH LEAD!

GET IT INTO HEADQUARTERS, SUPERMAN! I'LL GET OUR ELECTRONICS EXPERTS TO WORK ON IT!



BUT LATER, AS THE EXAMINATION IS ABOUT TO BEGIN...

IF YOU'RE READY, I'LL GET IT OUT AND... AH! IT EXPLODED! BUT THERE'S NOTHING IN THAT PADDED CELL TO SET IT OFF! IT MUST HAVE BEEN DE-TONATED BY REMOTE CONTROL!



PRESENTLY...

I FINALLY GOT IT UNDER CONTROL! IT WAS QUITE A JOB SINCE I DIDN'T WANT IT TO BLOW UP AND DESTROY OUR ONLY EVIDENCE!

IT'LL BE SAFE IN THIS PADDED CELL UNTIL THE EXPERTS ARRIVE!



THAT *SPHERE* DISINTEGRATED COMPLETELY! THERE'S NOT THE SLIGHTEST SIGN OF IT LEFT! FIREWORKS COULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT!

THESE *SPHERES* BECOME MORE AND MORE BAFFLING! FIRST THEY TAKE PENNIES, THEN ORANGE JUICE AND *NOW* FIREWORKS! WHAT DOES IT MEAN, *SUPERMAN*?



SOON AFTER, NEAR PROFESSOR NERO'S LABORATORY...

I'D BETTER CHECK ON THE PROFESSOR AGAIN AND...AH! MY *X-RAY VISION* REVEALS THE INSIDE OF THE LAB! STRANGE-- ALL THE PRINTER'S INK HE HAS! WAIT! HE'S GOT BAGS OF *PENNIES*-- THE FIRST THING STOLEN BY THE *SPHERES*!



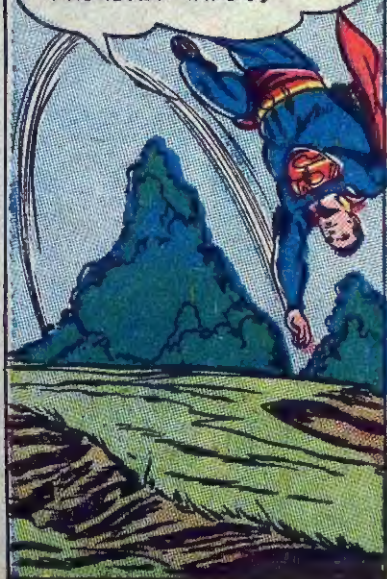
I'LL PUT THESE IN HERE-- JUST IN CASE THE POLICE PAY ME ANOTHER VISIT!

THERE'S NO WAY THE BANK OFFICIALS COULD IDENTIFY THOSE PENNIES-- SO I'M STILL WITHOUT PROOF! BUT I MUST BE CERTAIN MYSELF THAT HE'S CONTROLLING THE MACHINES FROM HIS LAB!

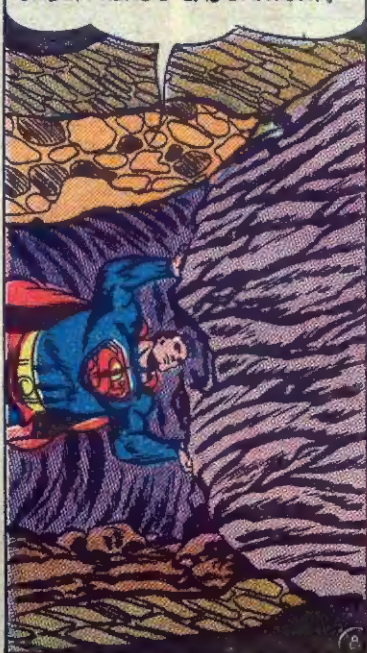


AT ROCKET SPEED, THE MAN OF STEEL SHOOTS SKYWARD AND THEN, MOMENTS LATER, STREAKS TO EARTH IN A DISTANT STATE...

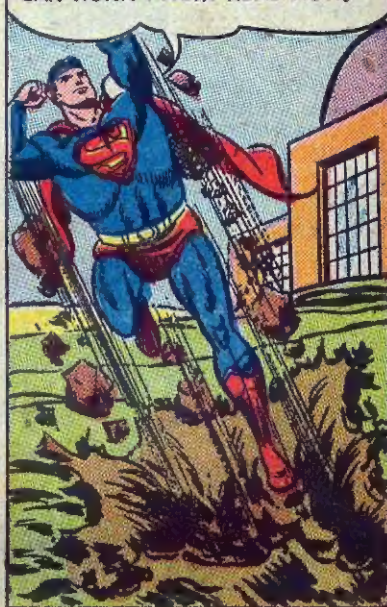
NOW TO BURROW DOWN INTO THE EARTH FOR ABOUT A HUNDRED YARDS!



I'LL JUST BORROW THIS HUGE DEPOSIT OF *IRON ORE* FOR A FEW DAYS AND MOVE IT A FEW HUNDRED MILES-- TO A POINT RIGHT UNDER NERO'S LABORATORY!

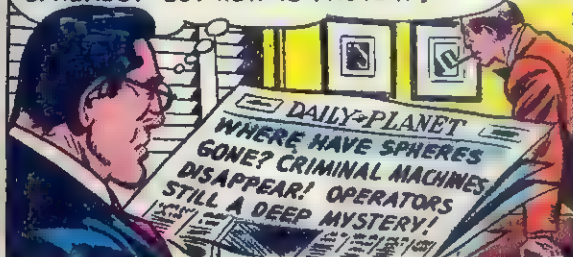


NOW THE PROFESSOR AND HIS ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT ARE SITTING SMACK ON TOP OF A GIANT *MAGNETIC FIELD* CREATED BY THE DEPOSIT OF IRON I MOVED HERE! NO RADAR OR RADIO COMMUNICATIONS CAN WORK FROM HERE NOW!



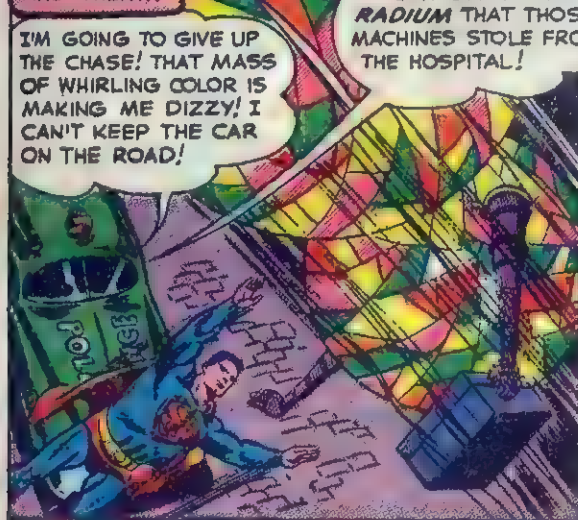
SEVERAL DAYS LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF THE DAILY PLANET...

NO MACHINES HAVE APPEARED SINCE I NEUTRALIZED PROFESSOR NERO'S ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT WITH THAT MAGNETIC FIELD! IT CERTAINLY SEEMS THAT HE'S BEHIND THE SPHERES! BUT HOW TO PROVE IT?



SWIFTLY, CLARK SWITCHES TO SUPERMAN IN A NEARBY ALLEY, AND THEN...

I'M GOING TO GIVE UP THE CHASE! THAT MASS OF WHIRLING COLOR IS MAKING ME DIZZY! I CAN'T KEEP THE CAR ON THE ROAD!



THERE'S SUPERMAN! HE'LL RECOVER THE BOX CONTAINING RADIUM THAT THOSE MACHINES STOLE FROM THE HOSPITAL!

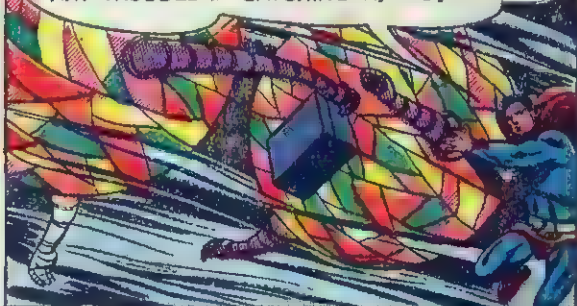
SOON AFTER, AS CLARK WALKS DOWN A METROPOLIS STREET...

ONLY THING TO DO IS REMOVE THE IRON ORE AND... THE SPHERES! THEY'RE IN ACTION AGAIN! BUT THE PROFESSOR'S CONTROL EQUIPMENT COULDN'T BE WORKING!



BUT JUST AS THE WORLD'S FASTEST MAN DIVES FOR THE SPINNING GLOBE...

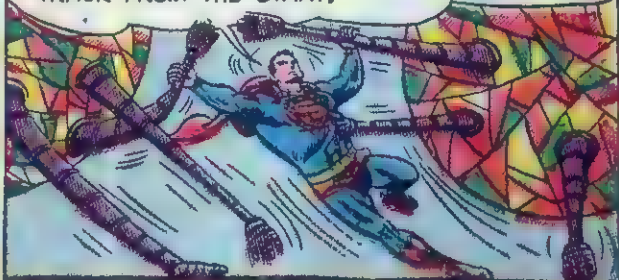
IT'S HANDED THE BOX OF RADIUM TO THE OTHER SPHERE! BUT I WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE IN CATCHING IT, TOO!



WHEN I GET THIS ONE UNDER CONTROL, I'LL START AFTER... WAIT! THE SPHERE THAT TOOK THE BOX DROPPED IT! IT'S COMING BACK HERE!



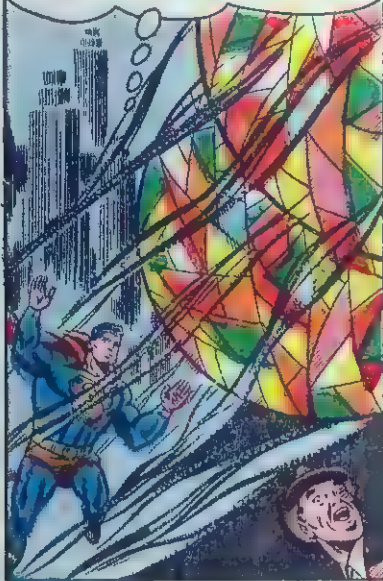
THE SPHERE DROPPED ITS BOOTY AND RETURNED TO TRY AND FREE THE ONE I CAPTURED-- IT'S SACRIFICING ITSELF IN AN ATTEMPT TO SAVE ANOTHER MACHINE! HMM... THIS MAY MEAN I'VE BEEN ON THE WRONG TRACK FROM THE START!



ON THE WRONG TRACK FROM THE START! WHAT DOES SUPERMAN MEAN?

ABRUPTLY, THE MAN OF STEEL DOES A STRANGE THING...

IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT, BY **RELEASING** THESE TWO, I'LL GET THE TRUTH ABOUT THE MYSTERY OF THE **SPHERES**!



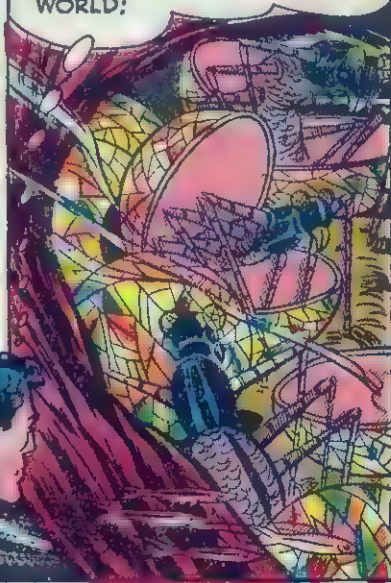
FOLLOWING THE WHIRLING GLOBES OF COLOR, **SUPERMAN** SOON FINDS HIMSELF IN A STRANGE, UNDERSEA WORLD...

THEY'RE GOING INTO A SUBTERRANEAN CAVE!



AND A MOMENT AFTER, THE MAN OF TOMORROW IS WITNESS TO A SCENE BY WHICH EVEN **HE** IS STUNNED...

LIVING INSECT-LIKE CREATURES INSIDE PROTECTIVE SHELLS! I SUSPECTED THERE WAS LIFE IN THOSE **SPHERES** WHEN ONE GAVE UP HIS BOOTY AND RISKED HIMSELF TO SAVE THE OTHER -- NO MACHINE WOULD DO THAT! BUT LIFE LIKE **THIS**-- THEY MUST BE FROM ANOTHER WORLD!



THEY'RE LOADING THE THINGS THEY STOLE INTO THE BASE OF THAT ROCKET SHIP! NOW I GET IT! THE ACID IN THE ORANGE JUICE MUST WORK ON THE COPPER AND THE CHEMICALS IN THE FIREWORKS TO PRODUCE **ROCKET FUEL**!

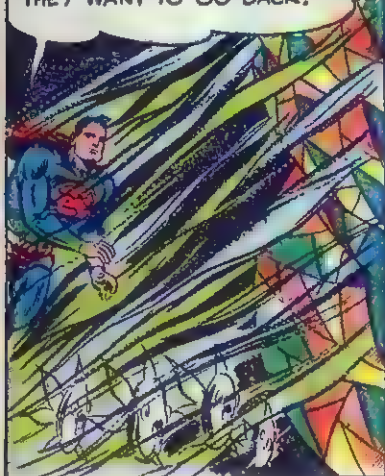


THE TWO I FOLLOWED HERE ARE DOING A STRANGE DANCE-- IT MUST BE THEIR WAY OF COMMUNICATING TO THE OTHERS THAT THEY DIDN'T GET THE **RADIUM**! AND THE OTHERS ARE MIGHTY UPSET BY THE NEWS!



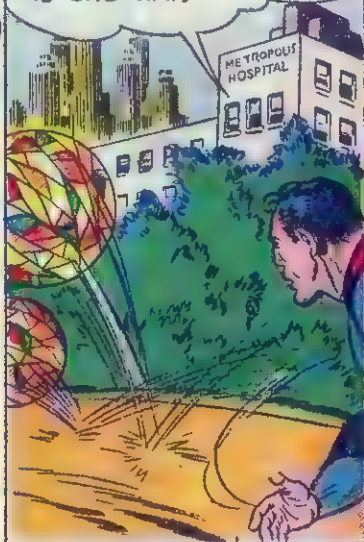
A MOMENT AFTER, **SUPERMAN** FOLLOWS TWO OF THE WEIRD INSECT BEINGS AS THEY HEAD BACK TOWARD METROPOLIS...

THE ONLY EXPLANATION IS THAT THEY'RE FROM ANOTHER PLANET! THEY MUST HAVE BEEN TRAVELING THROUGH SPACE IN THAT ROCKET SHIP WHEN IT WAS CAUGHT BY THE EARTH'S GRAVITY AND CRASHED IN THE SEA! NOW THEY WANT TO GO BACK!



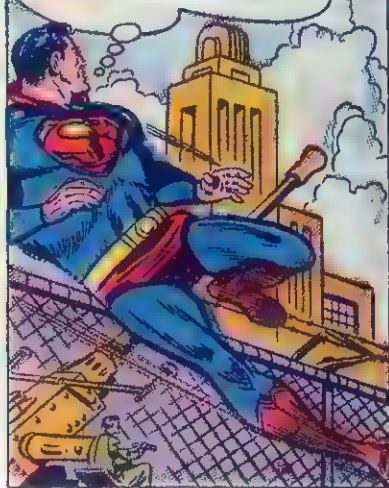
FINALLY, OUTSIDE METROPOLIS HOSPITAL...

I CAN'T LET THEM TAKE RADIUM! THERE'S HARDLY ENOUGH TO MEET THE WORLD'S NEEDS AS IT IS! BUT I *WOULD* LIKE THEM LAUNCHED BACK INTO SPACE! HMM... THERE IS *ONE* WAY!



LATER, AFTER TURNING BACK THE DETERMINED **SPHERES**...

ONE OF THE WORLD'S FEW SAMPLES OF **KRYPTONITE** IS KEPT HERE! IT HAS CERTAIN PROPERTIES SIMILAR TO RADIUM—I'M CERTAIN IT COULD LAUNCH THE SPHERE! BUT HOW CAN I GET IT TO THEM? AS SOON AS I APPROACH KRYPTONITE, I BECOME WEAK!



I CAN'T RISK LETTING THE **SPHERES** GET THE KRYPTONITE THEMSELVES -- CRIMINALS MIGHT GET IT AWAY FROM THEM TO USE AGAINST ME! AND THERE'S NO WAY FOR THE POLICE TO DELIVER IT TO A CAVE THOUSANDS OF FEET UNDER THE SEA! I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN DO IT AND I DARE NOT COME NEAR KRYPTONITE!

FOR HOURS, THE MAN OF TOMORROW PONDERES THE SEEMINGLY INSOLUBLE PROBLEM! AND THEN...

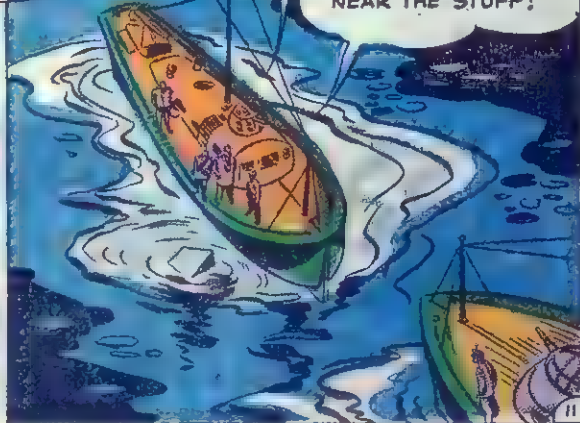
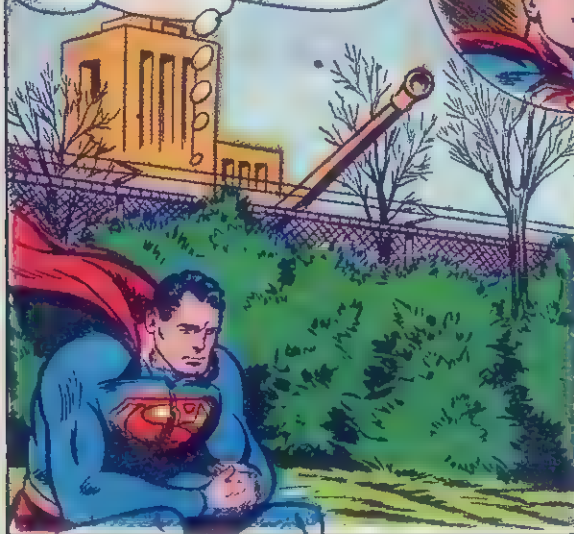
I'VE GOT IT! IT'S SO SIMPLE, I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF IT BEFORE!



AND SOON AFTER, AT A POINT SOME MILES FROM THE COAST...

SUPERMAN ASKED TO HAVE SOME KRYPTONITE FLOATING HERE IN A BOX AND GUARDED BY A RING OF ARMED BOATS! HE SAID HE'D GET IT!

BUT HOW CAN HE, COMMISSIONER? **SUPERMAN'S** HELPLESS WHEN HE COMES NEAR THE STUFF!



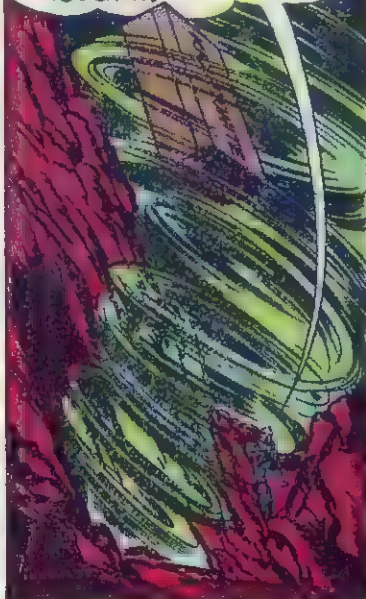
WHILE FAR BENEATH THE OCEAN'S SURFACE...

WHEN I GET THE **WHIRL-POOL** SPINNING FAST ENOUGH, IT WILL REACH FROM THE SURFACE TO THE CAVE WHERE THE **SPHERES** ARE!



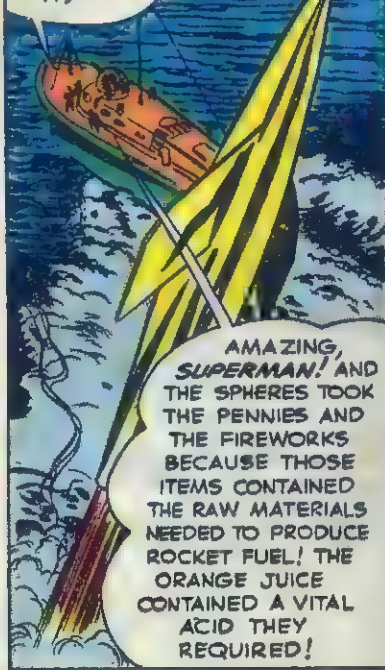
AND AN INSTANT AFTER...

AH! IT WORKED! THE **KRYPTONITE** IS BEING CARRIED RIGHT INTO THE CAVE BY THE WHIRLPOOL AND I DON'T HAVE TO TOUCH IT!



PRESENTLY...

THEY LAUNCHED IT!



AMAZING, **SUPERMAN!** AND THE **SPHERES** TOOK THE **PENNIES** AND THE **FIREWORKS** BECAUSE THOSE ITEMS CONTAINED THE RAW MATERIALS NEEDED TO PRODUCE **ROCKET FUEL!** THE **ORANGE JUICE** CONTAINED A **VITAL ACID** THEY REQUIRED!

AND SOON AFTER, AT PROFESSOR NERO'S LABORATORY...



BUT I DON'T GET IT, **SUPERMAN!** IF THERE WERE LIVING CREATURES INSIDE THOSE **SPHERES** THAT TOOK THE THINGS, WHAT HAS PROFESSOR NERO GOT TO DO WITH IT?



THE PROFESSOR WAS MOST ANXIOUS THAT WE **THINK** HE WAS BEHIND THE **SPHERES**--HE EVEN PLANTED SOME **INCRIMINATING EVIDENCE!**



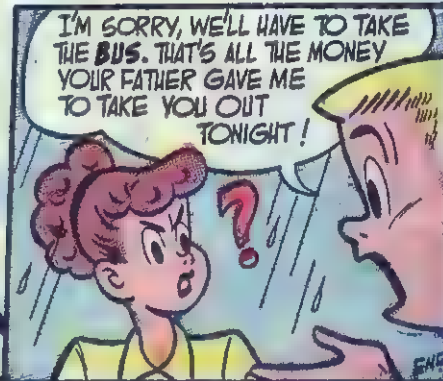
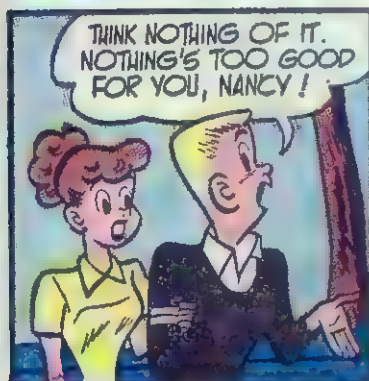
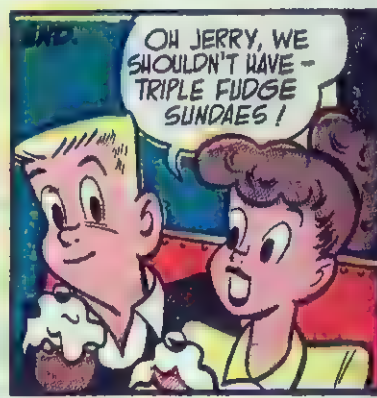
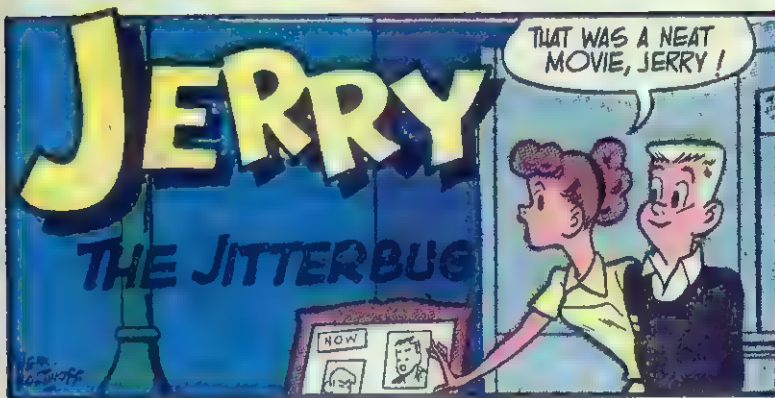
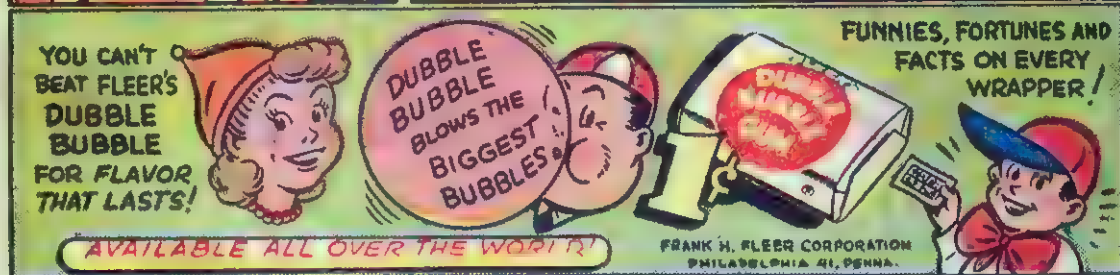
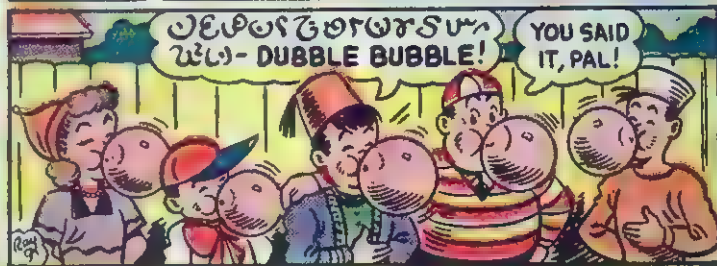
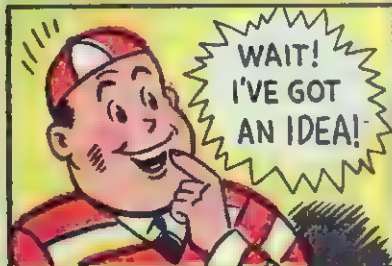
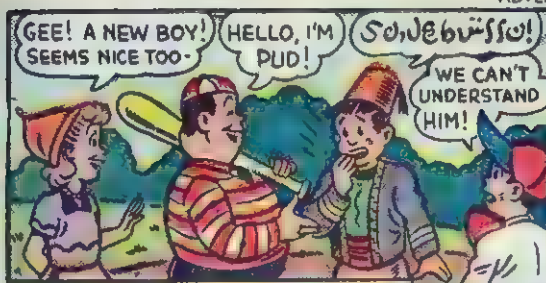
HE HAD THESE BAGS OF **PENNIES** AND **FIREWORKS**... THINGS LIKE THOSE THE **SPHERES** STOLE-- SO THE POLICE WOULD THINK HE WAS RUNNING THE **ROCKETS** IN CASE THEY SEARCHED HIS **LABORATORY** AGAIN! HE KNEW THAT **CHARGE** COULD NEVER BE **PROVED!**

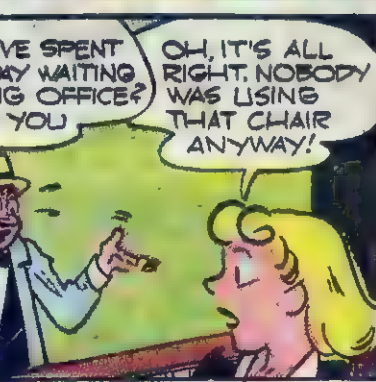
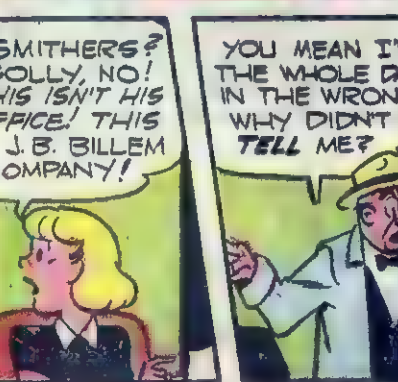
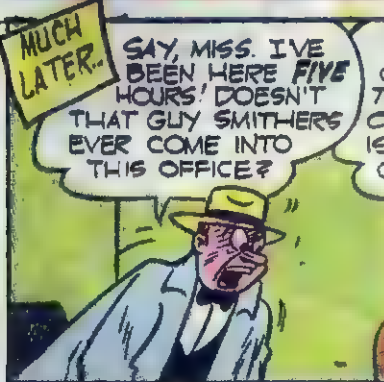
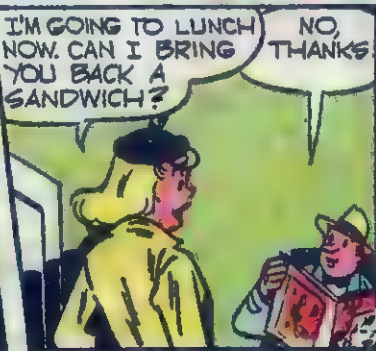
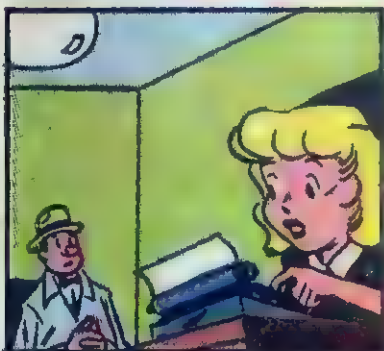
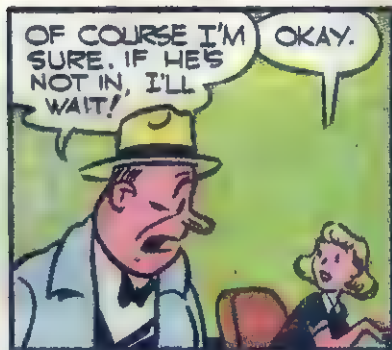
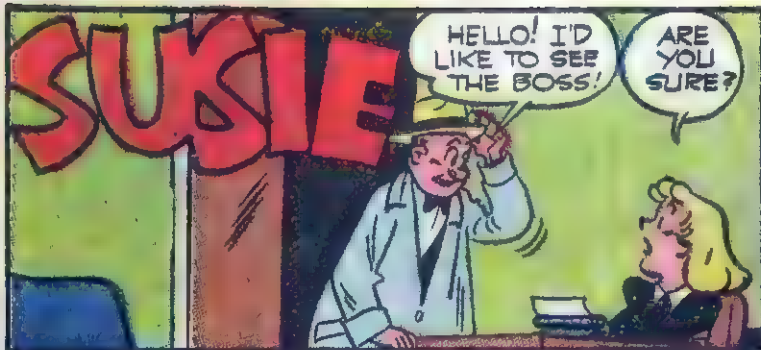


AND HE FIGURED WE'D BE SO EXCITED ABOUT HIS **SPHERE "EVIDENCE"** THAT WE WOULDN'T CATCH ON TO THE **REAL** PURPOSE OF HIS **PHONY LABORATORY**-- **COUNTERFEITING MONEY!**



THE **ROCKET SHIP** IS **NEARLY OUT OF SIGHT** NOW! I WONDER IF THOSE **STRANGE CREATURES** WILL EVER BE **SEEN BY EARTH-MEN** AGAIN?





ADVERTISEMENT

LUCKY LUDEN'S and his pal go exploring in a haunted house...

1 (COUGH - COUGH) JEEPERS! IT'S HATCHET HATTIE THE KID HATER!

2 COUGH HIDE HERE!

3 IN A FLASH - LUCKY LUDEN'S GRABS THE CURTAIN CORD... THAT'S AN UNLUCKY COUGH, LAD! BUT MY HATCHET WILL STOP IT! (CACKLE, CACKLE)

4 HAVE A LUDEN'S FOR LUCK, PAL - AND REMEMBER, THE KID WHO COUGHS IS THE KID WHO GETS CAUGHT!

HEY KIDS! FOR GOOD LUCK, EAT LUDEN'S WILD CHERRY COUGH DROPS! TASTE LIKE REAL CHERRIES - AND SO GOOD FOR YOU, YOU CAN EAT 'EM IN SCHOOL!

LUDEN'S WILD CHERRY COUGH DROPS

Only 5¢

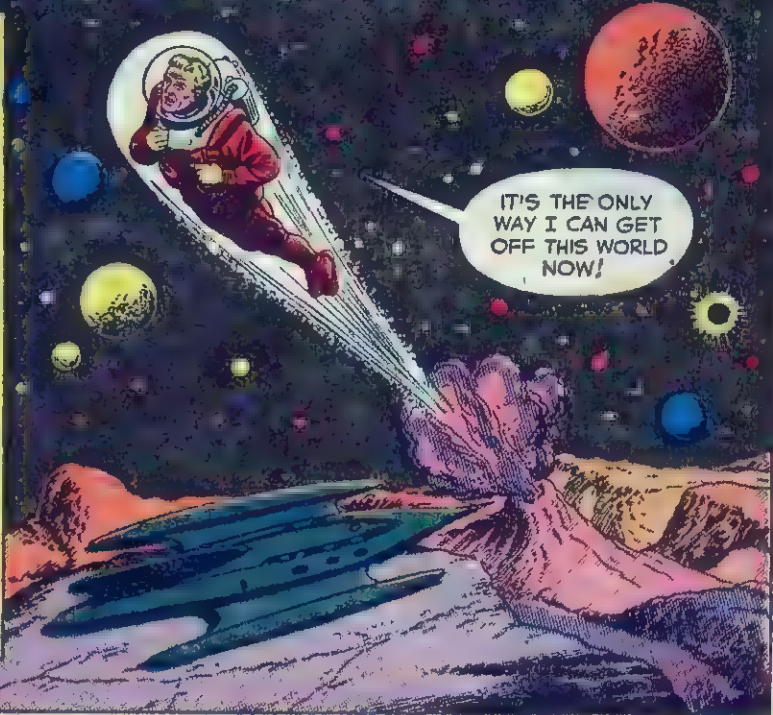
AND LASSOES HATCHET HATTIE!

Tommy TOMORROW

ONE CENTURY FROM NOW, WE WILL TAKE SPACE TRAVEL FOR GRANTED. ROCKET SHIP FLIGHTS WILL BE AS ORDINARY AS AUTOMOBILE TRIPS OR OCEAN VOYAGES.

CAN YOU IMAGINE, THEN, THE DISASTER WHICH OCCURS WHEN A SINISTER SCIENTIST OF THE FUTURE INVENTS A MACHINE WHICH PARALYZES ALL SPACE CRAFT, MAKING IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR INTERPLANETARY TRAFFIC TO CONTINUE? THIS IS THE STARTLING MENACE WHICH CONFRONTS COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW OF THE *PLANETEERS* WHEN HE SEEKS TO COMBAT...

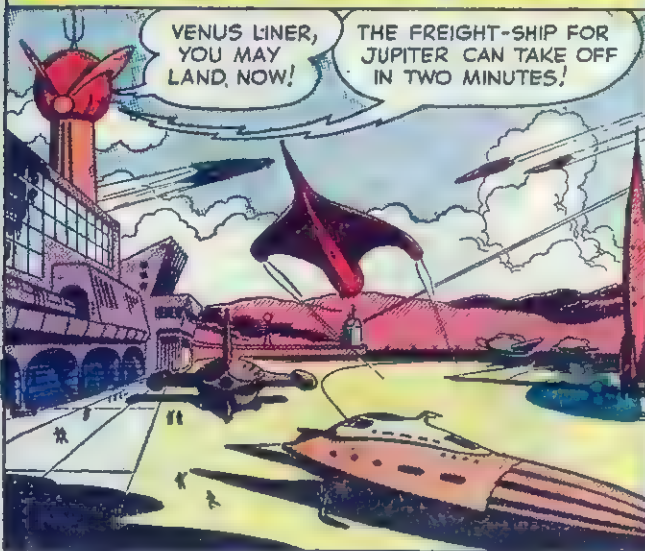
"The Man Who Stopped Space-Flight!"



IN THE YEAR 2052, AT A BUSY SPACEPORT ON EARTH...

VENUS LINER,
YOU MAY
LAND, NOW!

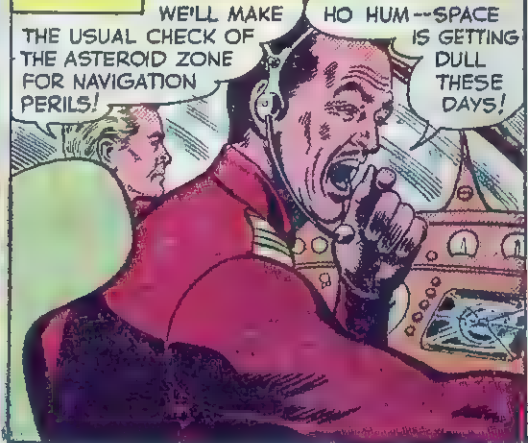
THE FREIGHT-SHIP FOR
JUPITER CAN TAKE OFF
IN TWO MINUTES!



INSIDE THE CONTROL ROOM OF THE *SPACE ACE*, COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW AND HIS PAL BRENT WOOD, OF THE *PLANETEERS*, PREPARE FOR A ROUTINE PATROL, UNAWARE OF A CATASTROPHE ABOUT TO BEFALL THE SOLAR SYSTEM...

WE'LL MAKE
THE USUAL CHECK OF
THE ASTEROID ZONE
FOR NAVIGATION
PERILS!

HO HUM--SPACE
IS GETTING
DULL
THESE
DAYS!



IT IS NOT DULL FOR LONG! OUT IN THE ZONE, THE ATOMIC MOTORS OF THE "SPACE ACE" SUDDENLY FAIL!

I DON'T GET IT-- THE MOTORS ARE IN PERFECT ORDER BUT WON'T WORK!

AND WE'RE DRIFTING ONTO THE ASTEROID VESTA!

DEAD AND POWERLESS, THE **SPACE ACE** BUMPS TO A LANDING ON THE DESOLATE LITTLE ASTEROID! THEN, AN AMAZING DISCOVERY...

WE LANDED WITHOUT CRASHING, DUE TO VESTA'S LOW GRAVITY! BUT HOW CAN WE GET OFF WITH THE **SPACE ACE** DEAD?

BRENT, SOMETHING TREMENDOUS MUST HAVE HAPPENED! ALL SHIPS IN SPACE APPEAR TO HAVE FAILED, LIKE OUR OWN!

YES, THE UNSEEN HAND THAT HAS STRICKEN THE **SPACE ACE** HAS KILLED THE ATOMIC MOTORS OF EVERY SPACE-SHIP IN THE SYSTEM! ON MARS...

NO SHIP WILL TAKE OFF. ALL MOTORS ARE DEAD!

BUT WE'VE GOT TO TAKE OFF-- I MUST GET BACK TO MY FAMILY ON VENUS!

ON FAR SATURN...

NO USE LOADING THESE ORES NOW-- THERE'S NO WAY TO SHIP THEM TO OTHER WORLDS!

AND ON EARTH!

NO SHIP WILL WORK-- THE SPACE-TRAFFIC OF THE SYSTEM IS ENDED! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

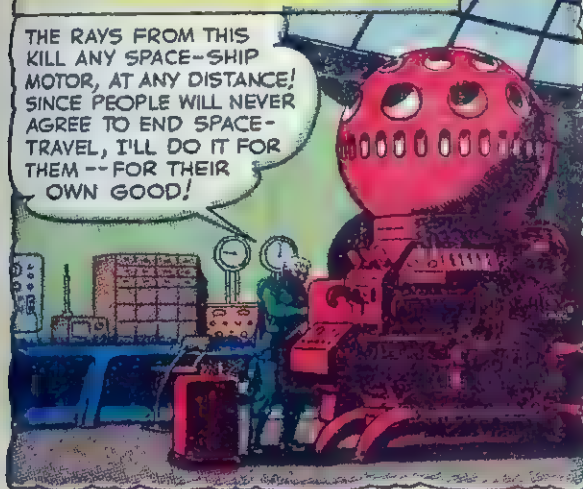
IT'D HAVE BEEN BETTER NEVER TO START SPACE-TRAVEL! REMEMBER WHAT DR. LANDON WARNED US?

DR. GRAHAM LANDON, A BRILLIANT BUT ECCENTRIC SCIENTIST, HAD INDEED HELD FANATIC OPINIONS ABOUT SPACE-TRAVEL! WEEKS BEFORE...

I CLAIM IT WOULD BE BETTER IF EARTHMEN LIVED ISOLATED FROM OTHER WORLDS, AS WE FORMERLY DID! OUR PEOPLE GET CRAZY IDEAS FROM OTHER WORLDS. ALL THIS SPACE-TRAVEL COSTS US MONEY AND LIVES! IT SHOULD BE FORBIDDEN!

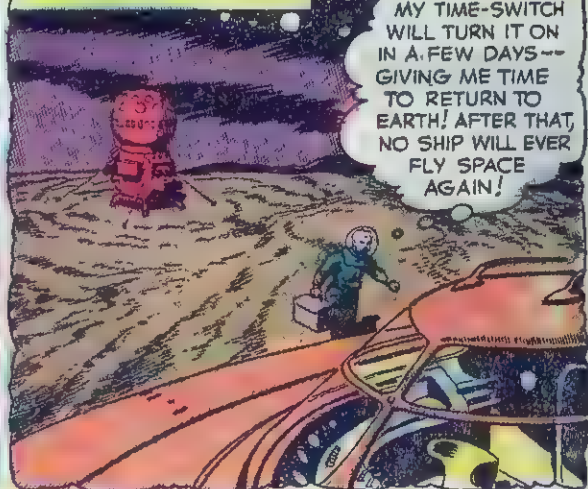
AND, SWAYED BY HIS FANATIC ISOLATIONISM, LONDON HAD DECIDED TO **END** SPACE-TRAVEL!

THE RAYS FROM THIS KILL ANY SPACE-SHIP MOTOR, AT ANY DISTANCE! SINCE PEOPLE WILL NEVER AGREE TO END SPACE-TRAVEL, I'LL DO IT FOR THEM -- FOR THEIR OWN GOOD!

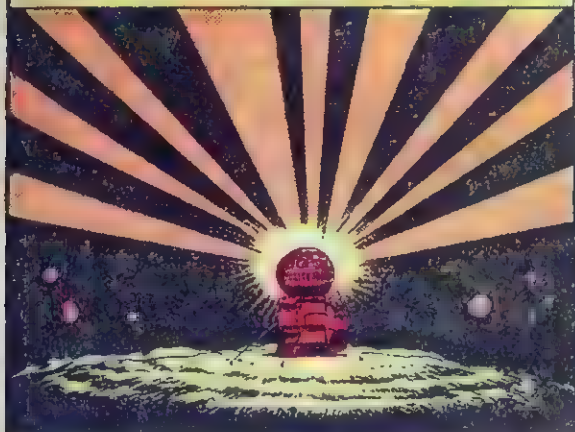


LONDON SET UP HIS APPARATUS ON A LONELY, UNINHABITED ASTEROID...

MY TIME-SWITCH WILL TURN IT ON IN A FEW DAYS -- GIVING ME TIME TO RETURN TO EARTH! AFTER THAT, NO SHIP WILL EVER FLY SPACE AGAIN!



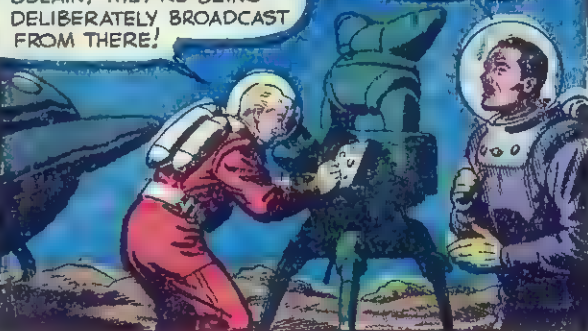
AND NOW NO ONE IN THE STRICKEN SOLAR SYSTEM GUESSED THAT A GREAT MACHINE ON A LONELY ASTEROID HAD PARALYZED THE WORLDS...



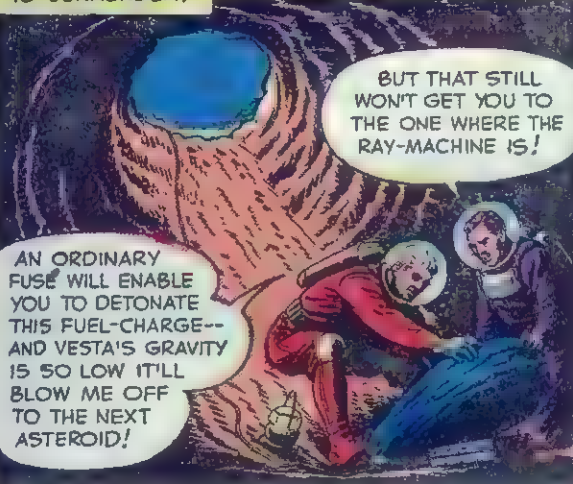
...NO ONE, EXCEPT THE ONE MAN WHO KNEW SPACE BEST--TOMMY TOMORROW!

THE DETECTORS SHOW THAT THE NULLIFYING RAYS WHICH ARE STOPPING OUR MOTORS COME FROM THE ASTEROID BULAIN! THEY'RE BEING DELIBERATELY BROADCAST FROM THERE!

AND WE CAN NEVER REACH THAT ASTEROID! WITH ALL SHIPS DEAD, WE'RE MAROONED HERE FOR LIFE!



BUT THE RESOURCEFUL ACE PLANETEER REFUSES TO SURRENDER!

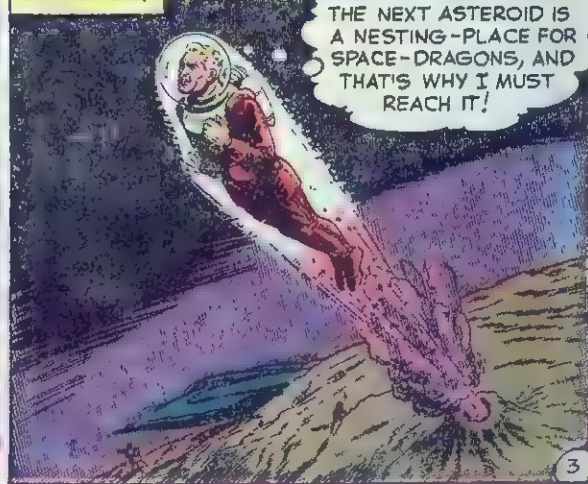


BUT THAT STILL WON'T GET YOU TO THE ONE WHERE THE RAY-MACHINE IS!

AN ORDINARY FUSE WILL ENABLE YOU TO DETONATE THIS FUEL-CHARGE-- AND VESTA'S GRAVITY IS SO LOW IT'LL BLOW ME OFF TO THE NEXT ASTEROID!

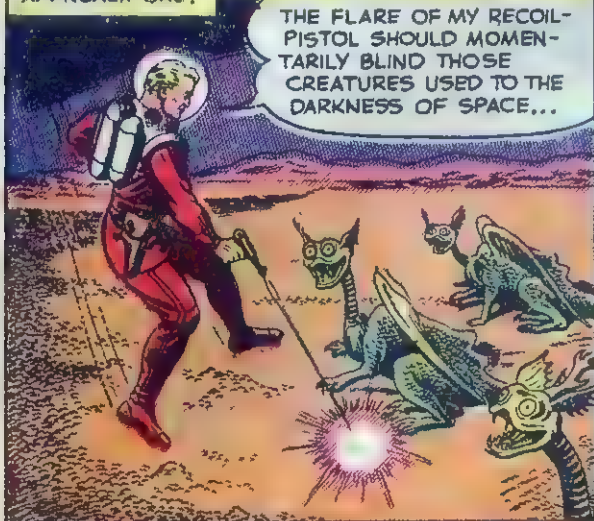
BUT TOMMY TOMORROW HAS A DESPERATE PLAN OF ACTION!

THE NEXT ASTEROID IS A NESTING-PLACE FOR SPACE-DRAGONS, AND THAT'S WHY I MUST REACH IT!

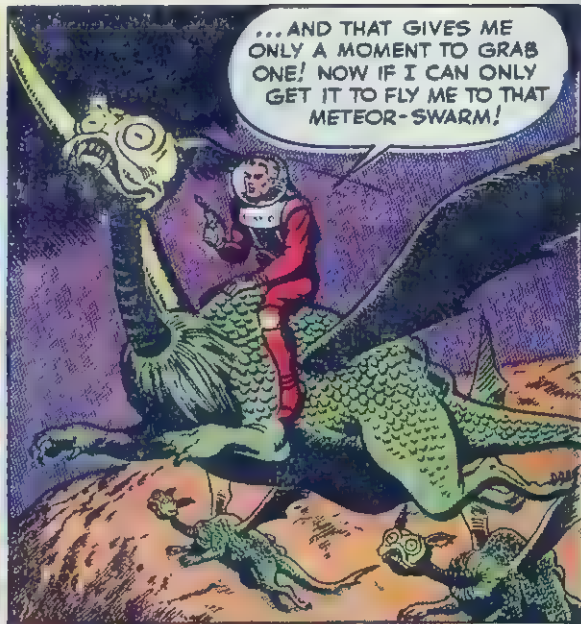


SPACE-DRAGONS--THE WEIRD, NON-BREATHING CREATURES WHICH CAN FLY IN EMPTY SPACE! ONLY DESPERATION INDEED WOULD MAKE A SPACE-MAN APPROACH ONE!

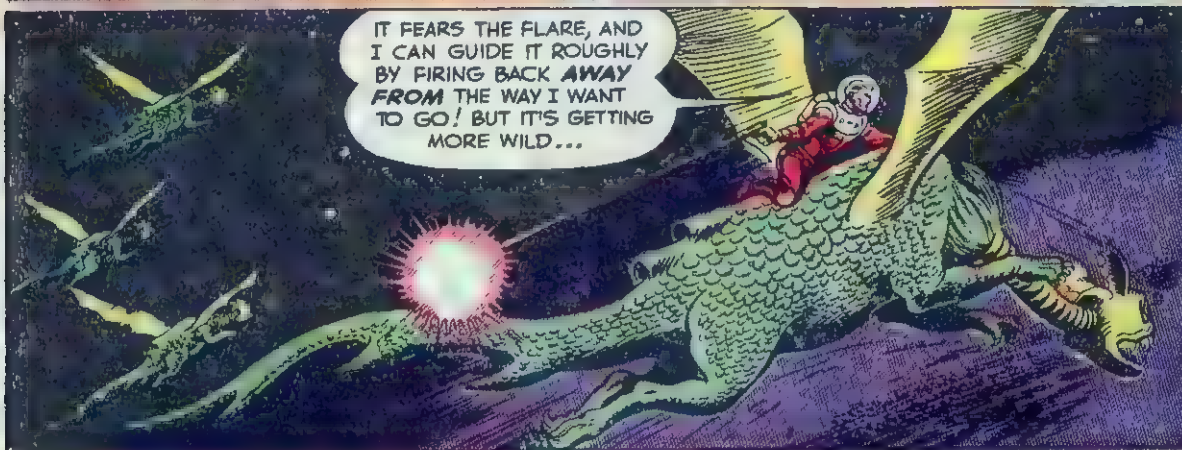
THE FLARE OF MY RECOIL-PISTOL SHOULD MOMENTARILY BLIND THOSE CREATURES USED TO THE DARKNESS OF SPACE...



...AND THAT GIVES ME ONLY A MOMENT TO GRAB ONE! NOW IF I CAN ONLY GET IT TO FLY ME TO THAT METEOR-SWARM!

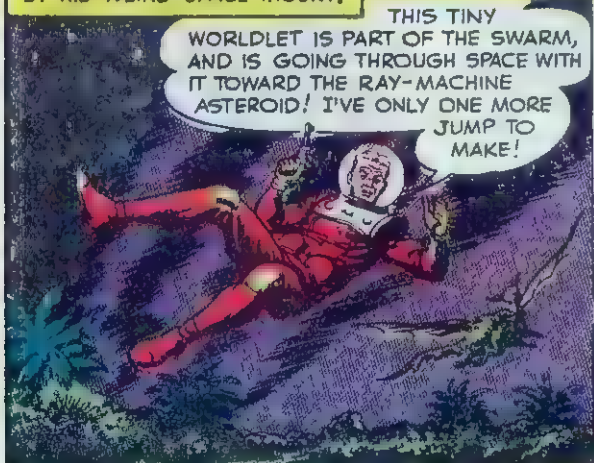


IT FEARS THE FLARE, AND I CAN GUIDE IT ROUGHLY BY FIRING BACK AWAY FROM THE WAY I WANT TO GO! BUT IT'S GETTING MORE WILD...



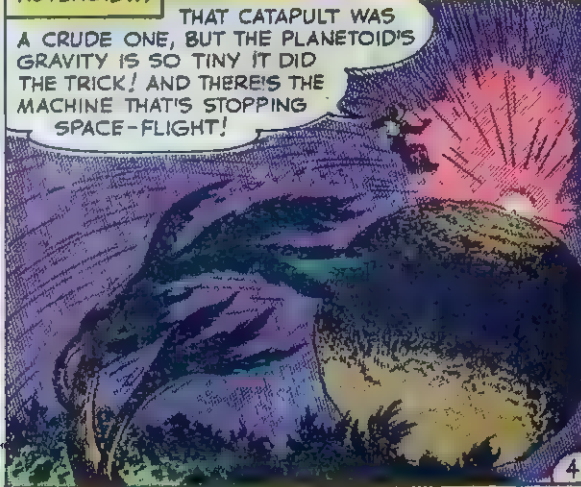
EVEN AS HE REACHES THE METEOR-SWARM, TOMMY TOMORROW FINDS HIMSELF BUCKED OFF BY HIS WEIRD SPACE-MOUNT!

THIS TINY WORLDLET IS PART OF THE SWARM, AND IS GOING THROUGH SPACE WITH IT TOWARD THE RAY-MACHINE ASTEROID! I'VE ONLY ONE MORE JUMP TO MAKE!



SOON, WHEN THE SWARM SWEEPS PAST THE FATAL ASTEROID...

THAT CATAPULT WAS A CRUDE ONE, BUT THE PLANETOID'S GRAVITY IS SO TINY IT DID THE TRICK! AND THERE'S THE MACHINE THAT'S STOPPING SPACE-FLIGHT!



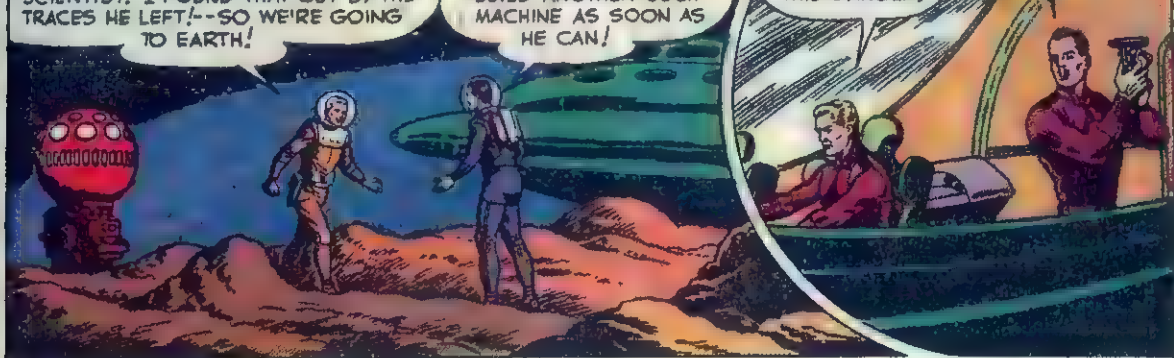
WITHIN MOMENTS, AFTER TURNING OFF THE DEADLY BROADCASTER, NORMAL SPACE-FLIGHT RESUMES AGAIN, AND PLANETEER BRENT WOOD MAKES A PROMPT APPEARANCE...

THE MACHINE WAS BUILT BY DR. LONDON, THE FANATIC EARTH ISOLATIONIST SCIENTIST! I FOUND THAT OUT BY THE TRACES HE LEFT--SO WE'RE GOING TO EARTH!

BUT THIS DOESN'T REMOVE THE MENACE--EVEN IF WE GRAB LONDON, HE'LL BUILD ANOTHER SUCH MACHINE AS SOON AS HE CAN!

I KNOW THAT! WE'VE GOT TO OVERCOME LONDON'S ISOLATIONISM, TO REMOVE THIS DANGER!

NOTHING WILL CHANGE HIS MIND-- HE'S A FANATIC AGAINST PLANETARY TRAVEL!

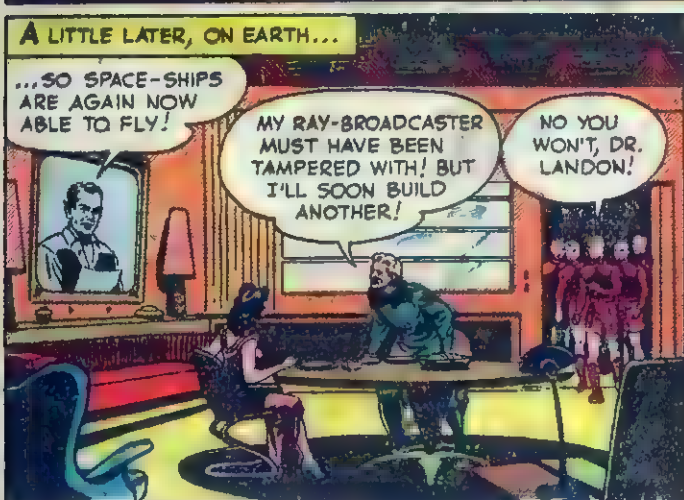


A LITTLE LATER, ON EARTH...

...SO SPACE-SHIPS ARE AGAIN NOW ABLE TO FLY!

MY RAY-BROADCASTER MUST HAVE BEEN TAMPERED WITH! BUT I'LL SOON BUILD ANOTHER!

NO YOU WON'T, DR. LONDON!



YOU CAN SEND ME TO PRISON BUT I'LL DO IT AGAIN WHEN I GET OUT!

THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY! YOU'RE AN EARTH ISOLATIONIST--SO THE COMMANDER HAS ALLOWED ME TO MAKE SURE THAT YOU LIVE AS AN ISOLATIONIST SHOULD!



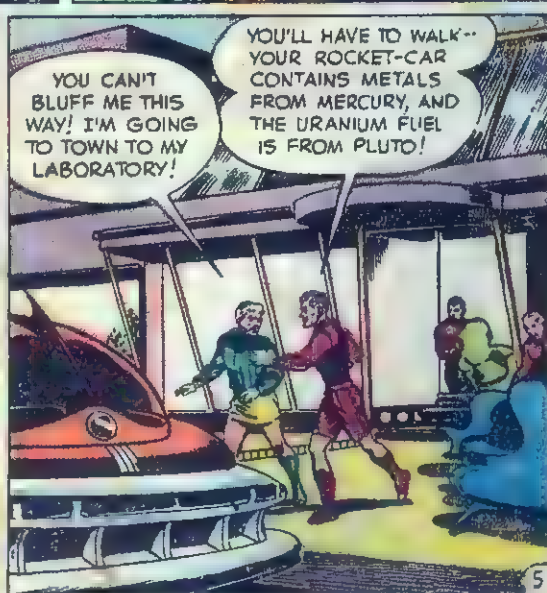
WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH MY FURNITURE?

IT CONTAINS WOOD FROM VENUS AND METAL FROM SATURN, SO IT'S NOT FOR YOU! AND I'LL HAVE TO TAKE YOUR DINNER AWAY, TOO--THESE FOODS WERE GROWN WITH THE AID OF MARTIAN CHEMICALS!



YOU CAN'T BLUFF ME THIS WAY! I'M GOING TO TOWN TO MY LABORATORY!

YOU'LL HAVE TO WALK-- YOUR ROCKET-CAR CONTAINS METALS FROM MERCURY, AND THE URANIUM FUEL IS FROM PLUTO!





AND SINCE YOUR SHOES ARE OF JOVIAN LEATHER, YOU MUST GO BAREFOOT!

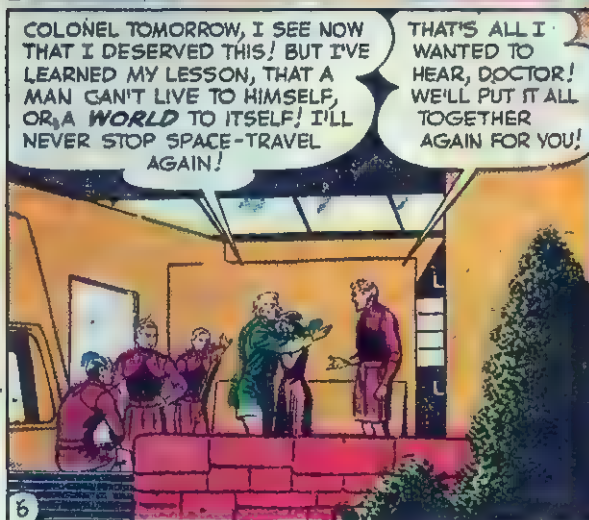
I'LL TELEVISE FOR SOMEONE TO COME FOR ME-- YOU CAN'T BLUFF ME OUT!



SORRY, DOCTOR, BUT THIS PERSONAL TELEVISOR MODEL WAS A VENUSIAN INVENTION, SO YOU CAN'T USE IT!

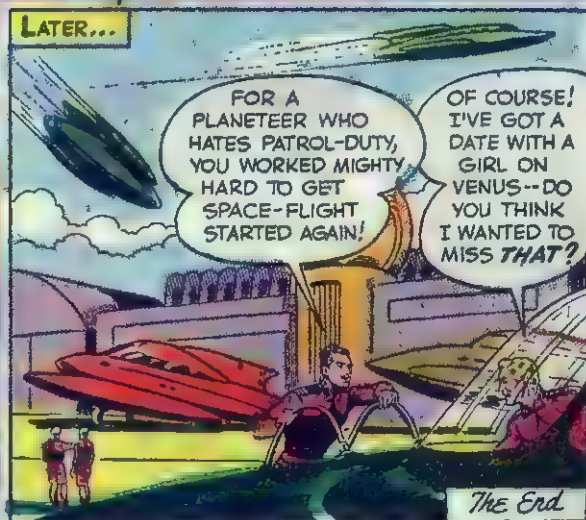
AND SINCE THE HOUSE IS PUT TOGETHER WITH BOLTS OF NEPTUNIAN STEEL, WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE IT APART!

OH, WHAT WILL WE DO?



COLONEL TOMORROW, I SEE NOW THAT I DESERVED THIS! BUT I'VE LEARNED MY LESSON, THAT A MAN CAN'T LIVE TO HIMSELF, OR, A **WORLD** TO ITSELF! I'LL NEVER STOP SPACE-TRAVEL AGAIN!

THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO HEAR, DOCTOR! WE'LL PUT IT ALL TOGETHER AGAIN FOR YOU!



LATER...

FOR A PLANETEER WHO HATES PATROL-DUTY, YOU WORKED MIGHTY HARD TO GET SPACE-FLIGHT STARTED AGAIN!

OF COURSE! I'VE GOT A DATE WITH A GIRL ON VENUS--DO YOU THINK I WANTED TO MISS **THAT**?

The End

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"NO STICKY **HAIR, HANDS OR COMB!**" SAYS

BERT PARKS

TV STAR OF "BREAK THE BANK"

IT'S HERE! THE NEW CREAM HAIR OIL THAT'S NOT STICKY OR GREASY! GROOMS HAIR PERFECTLY!

DIFFERENT BECAUSE IT'S **LIGHT-BODIED.**

HOMOGENIZED FOR EASY FLOW. IN HANDY SHAKER-TOP BOTTLE.

MONEY BACK

write us if you don't agree that it's the best cream tonic ever!

TRY VITALIS HAIR CREAM-- YOU'LL THANK ME FOR THE TIP!



NEW!

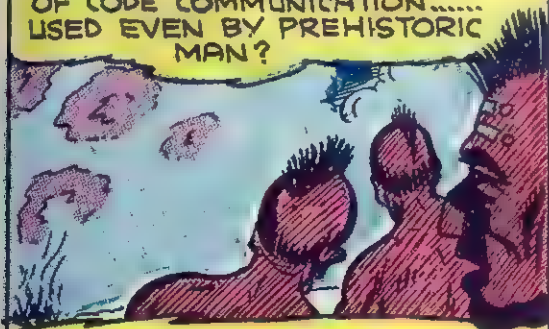
VITALIS Hair CREAM

SAVE MONEY! 49¢ SIZE EQUALS LEADING 50¢ SIZE CREAM OIL! (ALSO IN 27¢ SIZE)

—by Bristol-Myers, makers of famous Vitalis

QUICK QUIZ

WHAT IS THE OLDEST FORM OF CODE COMMUNICATION..... USED EVEN BY PREHISTORIC MAN?



THE **SMOKE SIGNAL** OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS!

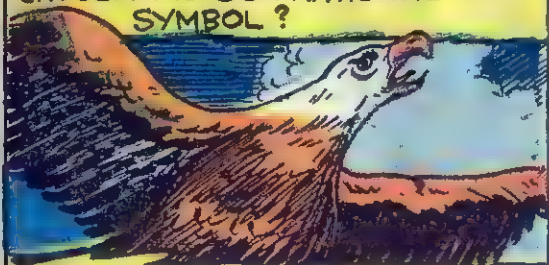
FROM WHAT COUNTRY DID GYPSIES COME.....ORIGINALLY?



GYPSIES

ORIGINALLY CAME FROM INDIA DURING THE MIDDLE AGES, THEN SETTLED IN EGYPT AND FINALLY MIGRATED TO EUROPE!

WHY WAS THE BALD EAGLE CHOSEN AS OUR NATIONAL SYMBOL?



THE **EAGLE** WAS ADOPTED BY THE UNITED STATES IN 1783... BECAUSE SINCE ANCIENT TIMES THAT BIRD HAS SYMBOLIZED POWER AND COURAGE!

CAN OIL AND WATER BE MIXED?



YES..... BY MERELY ADDING A LITTLE SOAP!

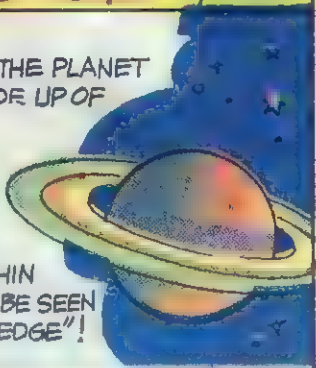
M. R. DINO

ADVERTISEMENT

OUT OF THIS WORLD by Necco

THE RINGS OF THE PLANET SATURN ARE MADE UP OF COSMIC DUST...

BECAUSE THEY ARE VERY WIDE THEY CAST A LARGE SHADOW, YET THEY ARE SO THIN THEY CAN HARDLY BE SEEN WHEN VIEWED "ON EDGE"!



THESE DELICIOUS THIN **Necco** WAFERS ARE ALWAYS IN VIEW WHEREVER GOOD CANDY IS SOLD!



DOZEN'S 'N DOZENS IN EVERY ROLL!

CONGO BILL

FROM THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN PORT OF ALEXANDRIA, TO WADI HALFA, ON THE EDGE OF THE NUBIAN DESERT, THE NAME OF HASSID HAS COME TO BE REGARDED WITH TERROR AND AWE! WHITE-CLOAKED TRAVELERS AWAIT HIS SWIFT RAIDS WITH DREAD--CARAVANS ON THE DRY, PARCHED SANDS KEEP A SHARP LOOKOUT FOR HIM! EVEN CONGO BILL, CONQUEROR OF 1000 BANDITS THE WORLD OVER, MEETS FAILURE BEFORE HE FINALLY COMES TO GRIPS IN A LIFE-AND-DEATH STRUGGLE WITH...

"The KING of the BANDITS!"



AND NOW THAT YOU HAVE TRACKED ME TO MY LAIR, CONGO BILL, WHAT DO YOU INTEND TO DO ABOUT IT?

I WISH I KNEW, BROTHER!

ONE DAY, AS CAPTAIN TRAIFA, OF THE EGYPTIAN SECURITY POLICE, PATROLS THE ALEXANDRIAN MARKET PLACE...

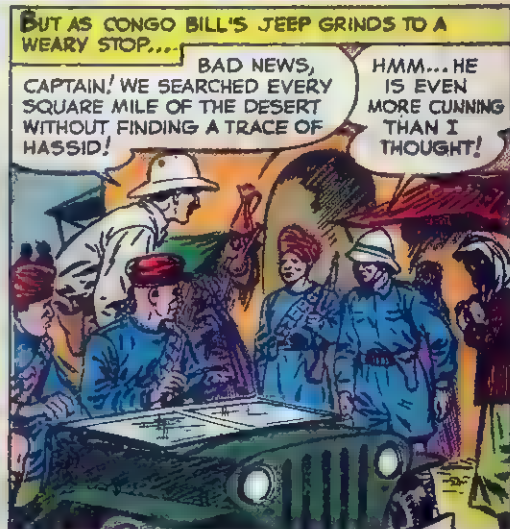
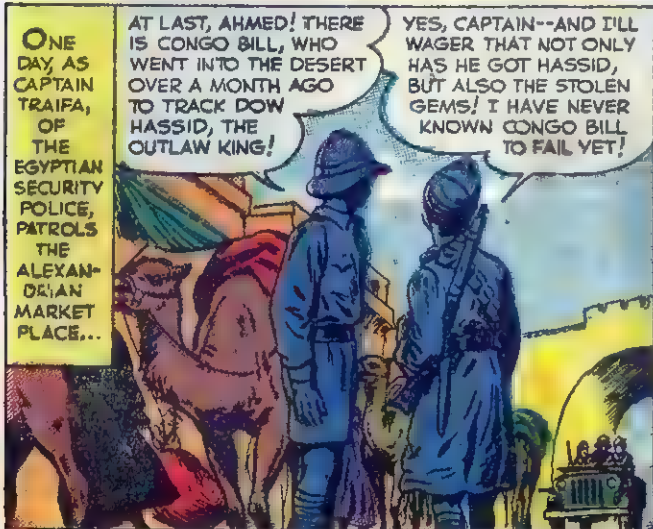
AT LAST, AHMED! THERE IS CONGO BILL, WHO WENT INTO THE DESERT OVER A MONTH AGO TO TRACK DOWN HASSID, THE OUTLAW KING!

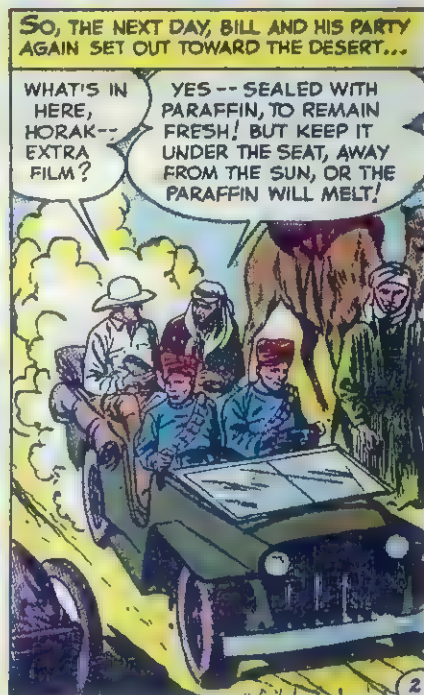
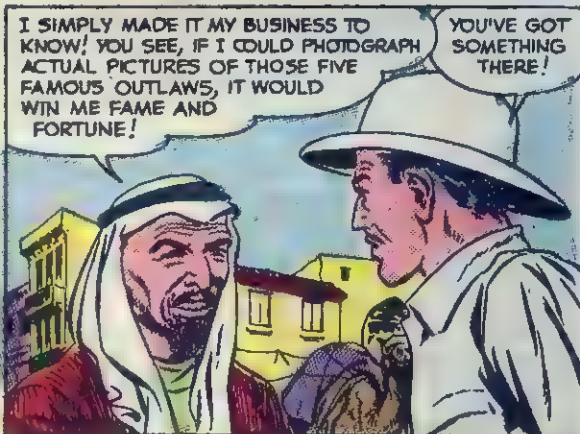
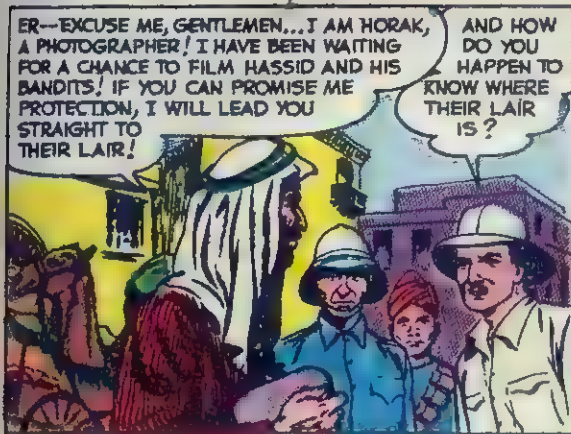
YES, CAPTAIN--AND I'LL WAGER THAT NOT ONLY HAS HE GOT HASSID, BUT ALSO THE STOLEN GEMS! I HAVE NEVER KNOWN CONGO BILL TO FAIL YET!

BUT AS CONGO BILL'S JEEP GRINDS TO A WEARY STOP...

BAD NEWS, CAPTAIN! WE SEARCHED EVERY SQUARE MILE OF THE DESERT WITHOUT FINDING A TRACE OF HASSID!

HMM... HE IS EVEN MORE CUNNING THAN I THOUGHT!

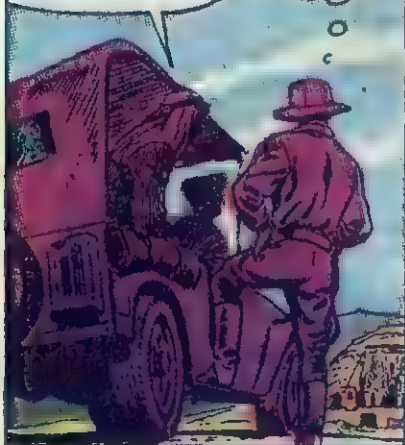




AND THREE DAYS LATER, AT THE RUINS OF AN ANCIENT TEMPLE...

THERE IT IS, CONGO BILL! THE GEMS YOU'RE LOOKING FOR ARE SOMEWHERE IN THE TEMPLE--PROBABLY IN THE TOMB!

I'LL BET THEY ARE--IF YOU SAY SO, HASSID!



WE CAN'T MAKE A FRONTAL ATTACK, OR THEY'LL MOW US DOWN LIKE SITTING DUCKS! SO JUST SIT TIGHT, WHILE I DO SOME SCOUTING ON MY OWN!

GOOD IDEA! I CAN FILM THE WHOLE THING FROM RIGHT HERE, USING MY TELESCOPIC LENS!



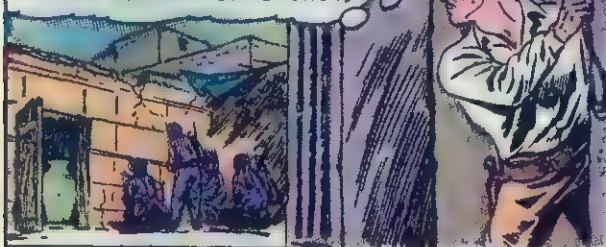
AND AS BILL CREEPS FORWARD TOWARD AN UNCERTAIN FATE...

HA, HA... CONGO BILL FELL FOR IT! I TRIED TO STEAL THE GEMS FOR MYSELF, BUT MY MEN CAUGHT ME, AND I HAD TO FLEE! NOW, WHILE THEY'RE SHOOTING IT OUT, I WILL GRAB THE LOOT AND ESCAPE INTO THE DESERT!

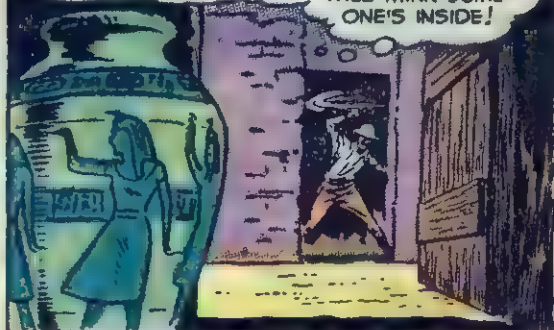


MEANWHILE, THE ACE ADVENTURER MEASURES HIS CHANCES...

THERE ARE FIVE OF THEM, ALL HEAVILY ARMED! MMM... THAT OPEN CELL DOOR AND THAT VASE INSIDE GIVE ME AN IDEA--IF I CAN GET THE HANG OF THIS EGYPTIAN SLING-SHOT!



I LOADED IT WITH A SMALL STONE--AND NOW, THE IDEA IS TO HIT THAT VASE SO THOSE CROOKS WILL THINK SOMEONE'S INSIDE!



AN INSTANT LATER...

QUICK! SOMEONE IS IN THE CELL! ROUT HIM OUT! THERE MAY BE OTHERS ABOUT, SO KHAFIA AND I WILL CHECK THE INNER TOMB!

CRASH!



THREE DOWN, AND TWO TO GO! THE INNER TOMB, HE SAID! QUITE A COINCIDENCE... I'M GOING TO DO SOME CHECKING THERE MYSELF!



AND AFTER SILENTLY SKITTERING THROUGH THE NARROW PASSAGES...

NBODY IS HERE--
AND THE JEWELS
ARE SAFE!

YOU'D BE SURPRISED! MIND IF
I BORROW THIS
MACE FOR A
MOMENT?



WITH CONGO BILL'S HELP, THE ANCIENT WEAPON RE-LIVES SOME OF ITS PAST GLORY...

THERE IS SOMEONE
HERE! I WILL
TAKE CARE OF HIM!

OOF!

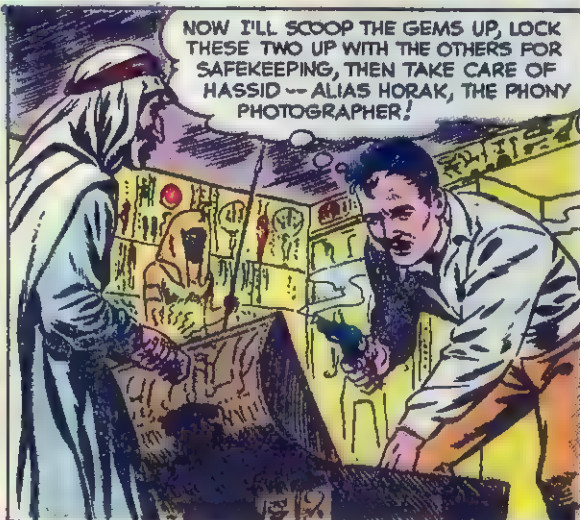


AH! THERE YOU ARE!
TAKE THA--! OW!
MY HAND!

BANG!



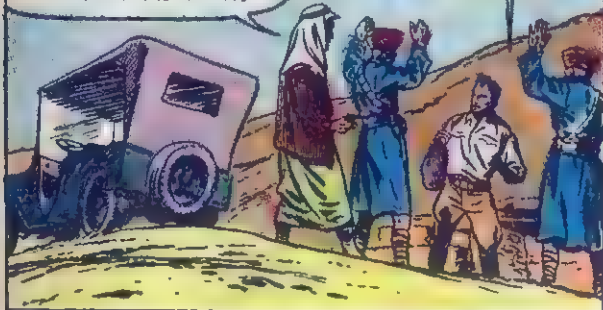
NOW I'LL SCOOP THE GEMS UP, LOCK
THESE TWO UP WITH THE OTHERS FOR
SAFEKEEPING, THEN TAKE CARE OF
HASSID -- ALIAS HORAK, THE PHONY
PHOTOGRAPHER!



BUT UPON HIS RETURN, BILL DISCOVERS HASSID IN
COMPLETE CONTROL!

I MUST
COMPLIMENT YOU, CONGO BILL...YOU
SUCCEEDED WHERE I FAILED! WHEN I
TRIED TO NAB THOSE GEMS FOR
MYSELF, I BARELY ESCAPED WITH
MY LIFE! NOW--HAND THEM
OVER, OR THIS MAN GETS
A BULLET IN HIS BACK!

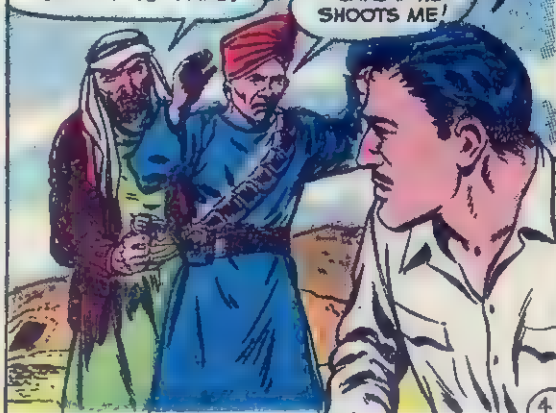
HERE YOU ARE--
BUT YOU WON'T
GET AWAY WITH
IT, HASSID!

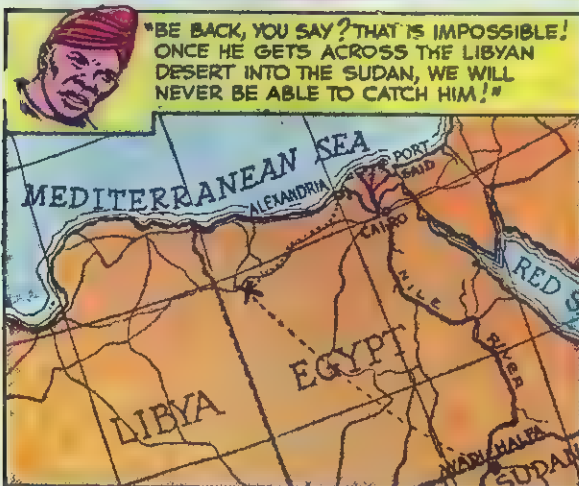
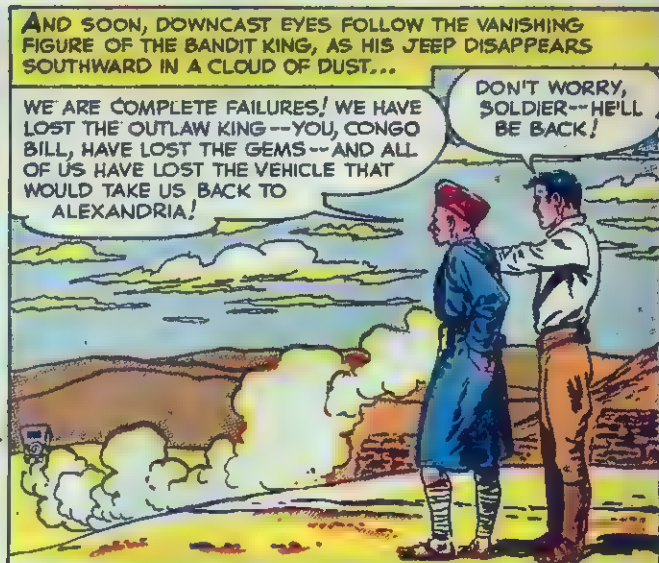
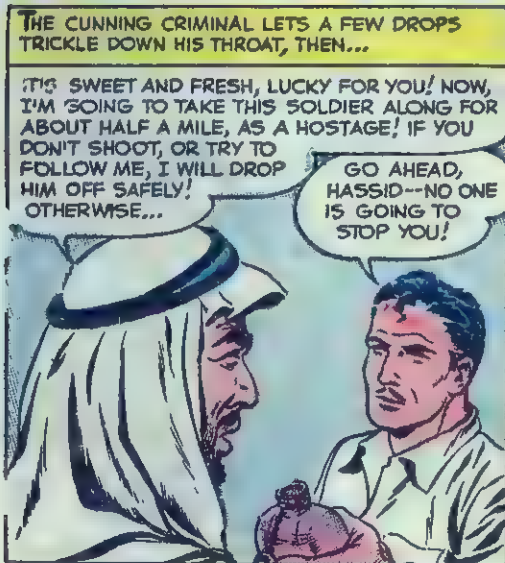
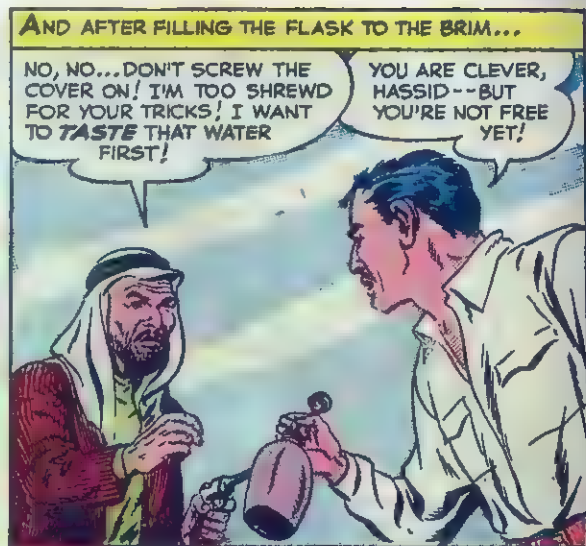
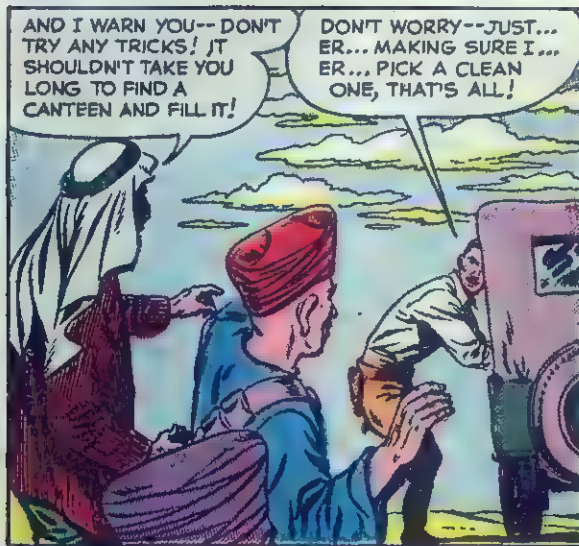


YES, I WILL--WITH SOME MORE
HELP FROM YOU! GO TO THE
JEEP AND FILL ME A CANTEEN
OF WATER... I HAVE A LONG
JOURNEY TO MAKE!

GET HIM,
CONGO
BILL--
I DON'T
CARE IF HE
SHOOTS ME!

DON'T
BE
SILLY!





AND SURE ENOUGH, AT DAWN, A HOARSE CRY SHATTERS THE DESERT SILENCE...

HELP! I AM DYING OF THIRST! HELP!

HE'S BACK! THAT SALT WATER IN HIS CANTEEN TURNED THE TRICK!

SALT WATER? BUT-- BUT HASSID TASTED THE WATER HIMSELF! IF IT WAS SALTY, HE WOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN IT!

YOU'RE RIGHT... IT WASN'T SALTY WHEN HE TASTED IT! IT BECAME SALTY LATER!

I-- DON'T UNDERSTAND--!

REMEMBER WHEN I WAS SEARCHING FOR A "CLEAN" CANTEEN TO GIVE TO HASSID? WHAT I WAS REALLY DOING WAS POURING SOME SALT INTO THE CANTEEN CAP, THEN COVERING THE SALT WITH PARAFFIN WAX, WHICH I SCRAPED FROM HASSID'S CANS OF FILM!

THE SUN'S HEAT EVENTUALLY MELTED THE PARAFFIN, RELEASING THE SALT! YOU SEE, I KNEW THAT SALTY WATER WOULD GIVE HASSID A TERRIBLE THIRST, AND FORCE HIM TO RETURN!

AND I ALSO KNOW SOMETHING... THAT SOMEHOW, CONGO BILL ALWAYS GETS HIS MAN, EH, HASSID?

The End

SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

**SUPERMAN'S
SECRET MESSAGE**

(Code Saturn No. 5)

XMFWJ DTZW LTTI KTWYZ
SJBNYM TYMJWX FSI DTZW
MFUUNSJXX BNQQ GJ RZQ-
YNUQNJL

SUPERMAN. April

c/o ACTION COMICS

480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

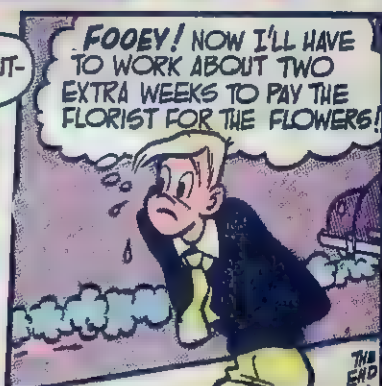
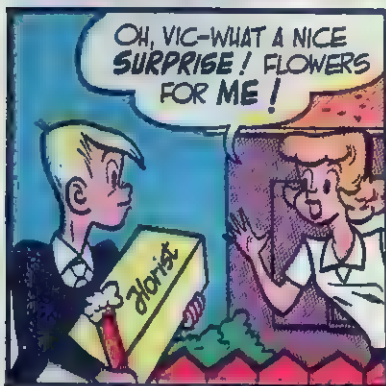
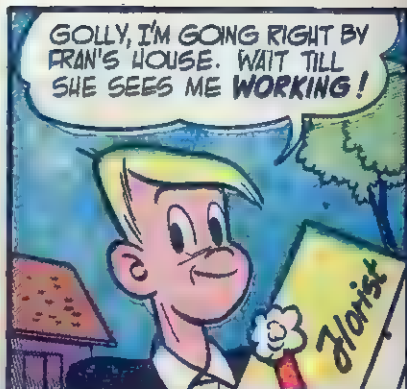
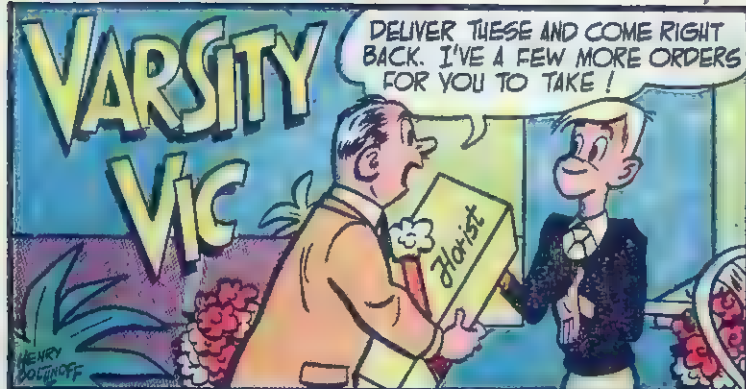
Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

NAME..... AGE.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....



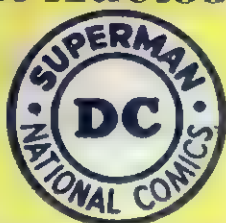
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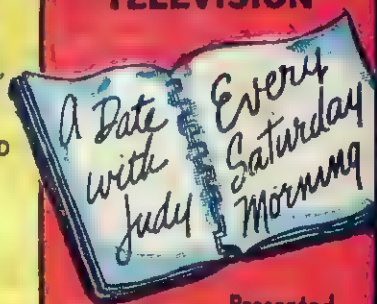
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Happy Birthday to GIRL SCOUTS

*Celebrating their 40th
Anniversary, They Train
Youth for Good Citizen-
ship, for Tolerance, for
Understanding of Others*

FORTY years ago in Savannah, Georgia, a determined and energetic woman made a phone call which has affected the lives of millions of people throughout the world.

"Come right over," she said, "I've got something for the girls of Savannah, and all America and all the world—and we're going to start tonight."

Mrs. Juliette Gordon Low, founder of the Girl Scouts of the U.S.A., indeed had "something for all the world." Newly arrived in this country from England she had carefully blue-printed in her mind plans for the organization of Girl Scouting in this country. With characteristic vision, she saw the untapped potential of girls from 7 to 17 as a powerful force for world peace, good will and mutual understanding among nations.

Today, less than half a century later, well over a million and a half Girl Scouts in the United States have reason to be thankful for the persistency and resourcefulness with which Mrs. Low carried out her plans.

A native of Savannah, Mrs. Low brought out the idea of Scouting to this country from England where she became interested in the movement after meeting Lord Baden Powell, who founded the Boy Scouts in 1908 and with his sister, the Association of Girl Guides in 1910. Her first troop meeting was called together three days after her excited phone call. There were 12 girls present. Her first full-fledged member was her niece, Daisy Gordon.

In the forty years since then, many changes have been made. The uniforms of navy blue are now woods-green, hem lines have fluctuated according to the dictates of fashions, new styles in Scout headgear have appeared, the organization itself has consistently grown and expanded, but the aims of Girl Scouting remain the same. The building of good citizens, for democracy and for the world, the development of healthy bodies, alert minds and a spirit of friendly cooperation are, as they were then, the motivating factors of the organization.

The essentials of today's Girl Scout program were evident in the first troop activities planned by Mrs. Low. The girls learned how to cook and sew, designed their own uniforms, went on camping trips and hikes and were taught how to handle tools and instruments, information not generally included in the education of young ladies of the day.

Under Mrs. Low's tireless leadership, the organization began to grow. In June, 1913 with the tension abroad making itself increasingly felt in this country, she entitled the first Girl Scout Handbook, "How Girls Can Help Their Country." A year later a patent for the familiar trefoil was secured. In 1915 the organization was officially incorporated as Girl Scouts, Inc.

The growth in membership in the next few years was phenomenal. By 1917 when the United States entered World War I there were more than 12,000 members. Three years

later this figure had almost tripled. The idea had caught fire. Under the direction of the national office troops sprang up all over the country.

As its rolls expanded additions were made to the basic Scout program to meet the diversified interests of its members. In all, eleven separate fields of activity in which Scouts can earn badges and awards were organized. For Senior Scouts in the 14 to 17 age group there are a number of specialized programs, including the Mariner Scout and Wing Scout programs for year-round instructions in boats and planes, respectively. There are approximately 260 troops in institutions for the physically and mentally handicapped. Without regard for race, creed or nationality background, Girl Scouting is open to all girls who subscribe to the ethical code of its Promise and Laws.

The Juliette Low World Friendship Fund named in honor of the founder places on an international scale the Girl Scout Program of helping others. The nickels and dimes of members channeled to this fund support a program of international exchange of leaders and girls, provide camping scholarships for DP girls in this country, and aid the development of Scouting and Guiding in war-torn countries.

As part of these activities, Girl Scouts sent food, clothing, equipment, and toys all over the world, published a Scout handbook for Italian members, provided leadership and financial aid for Scouting in Japan, Germany, Korea and other countries. Only part of their over-seas aid program in 1949 was the shipping of 26 tons of school supplies of 27 different countries. The fund also enables girls from all parts of the world to meet annually at the Girl Scout Chalet at Adelboden, Switzerland. Girl Scouts of the U.S.A. is a member of the World Association of Girl Scouts which includes the voluntary, free Scout organizations of 29 countries.

As the organization developed, the problem of effective adult participation became more urgent. In 1926 the establishment of the Edith Macy Training School at Pleasantville, N.Y. was made possible by a gift of land and money from Mr. V. Everitt Macy in memory of his wife, Edith Carpenter Macy, who had

been long interested and active in Girl Scouting.

Thousands of students of all nationalities have studied at the Macy School and returned home to give better, more effective leadership to the Girl Scouts in their own communities. Many Scholarships for training Scouts of other countries have been provided by the Juliette Low World Friendship Fund.

By 1941, the one millionth member was enrolled. The 1951 figure is well over a million and a half. The vision which prompted Mrs. Low's phone call that evening forty years ago in Savannah is a reality. The Girl Scouts of the United States of America have won the respect and admiration of the entire nation. Girl Scout influence upon American girls, service to the community through the Scout program in cooperation with other civic groups, is felt in every area of American life.

But Mrs. Low, herself, would be the first to admit that the work has just begun. Despite the expansion of its program only nine out of every hundred girls of Scout age are members. Thousands of others who would like to belong are still on waiting lists.

New troops must be organized by competent, service-minded volunteers. The procurement of qualified professional workers to guide the establishment of new units and assist in the manning of those already in existence is an immediate and urgent problem.

Responsibilities in the field of public service continue to grow. Co-operation with State Civil Defense plans to provide skilled workers, the training of Scouts in home defense fundamentals and the organization of emergency squads, is an important part of the organization's work in 1952.

Today, the Girl Scouts face a greater challenge than at any previous time in their history. Never was the training of youth for good citizenship, for tolerance, for understanding of others, so essential. The Girl Scout pledge in which the new member vows to do her "duty to God and My Country" has never been a mere mouthing of words. Working and playing together, the Girl Scouts are one of the nation's most precious assets, "A Growing Force for Freedom."

“THE DOG
YOU'D LIKE
TO OWN!”



YESSIR, THAT'S

REX

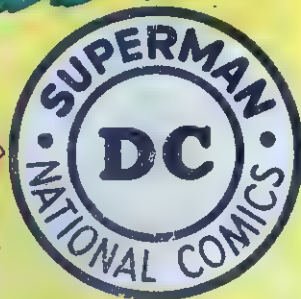
THE WONDER DOG
--THE DOG
EVERYBODY'D
LIKE TO OWN!

AND NOW--

IN EVERY ISSUE
OF THIS EXCITING
MAGAZINE YOU CAN
THRILL TO THE
CRACKLING
ADVENTURE STORIES
Starring
THE MOST FABULOUS
FOUR-FOOTED
FIGHTER YOU'VE
EVER MET!

**DON'T
MISS IT!**

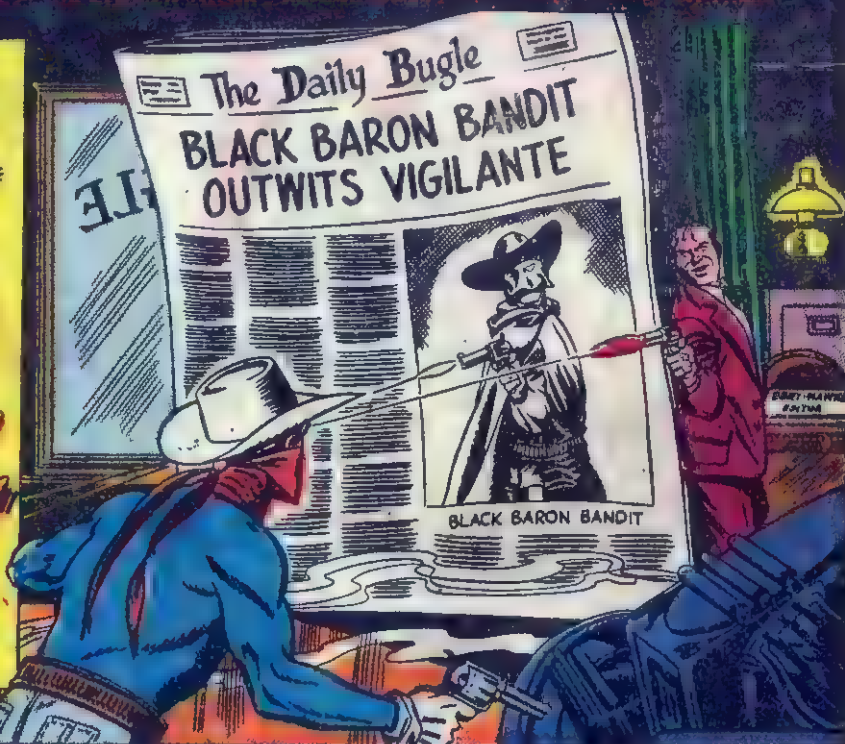
ANOTHER GREAT MAGAZINE
WITH THIS FAMOUS SYMBOL
ON THE COVER!



VIGILANTE

HOPES RAN HIGH IN RIDGE RUN CITY WHEN A DETERMINED NEWSPAPER EDITOR JOINED FORCES WITH THE VALIANT VIGILANTE TO BRING THE BLACK BARON BANDIT TO JUSTICE! BUT NEWSPRINT HAD LITTLE EFFECT ON THE MASKED OUTLAW'S ACTIVITIES, FOR NOT EVEN VIGILANTE HIMSELF REALIZED THAT HE WAS ACTUALLY TRADING BULLETS AND MATCHING WITS WITH...

"The OUTLAW EDITOR!"



ONE NIGHT, AS A SERIES OF ROBBERIES BRINGS GREG SANDERS, THE FAMOUS PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR, AND HIS YOUNG PARTNER, STUFF, TO RIDGE RUN CITY...

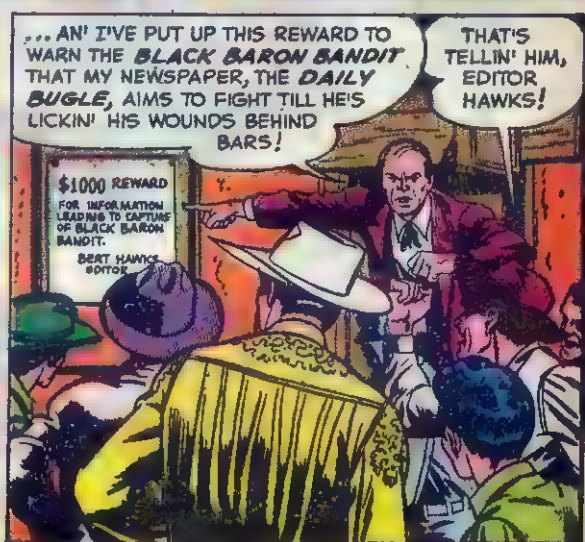
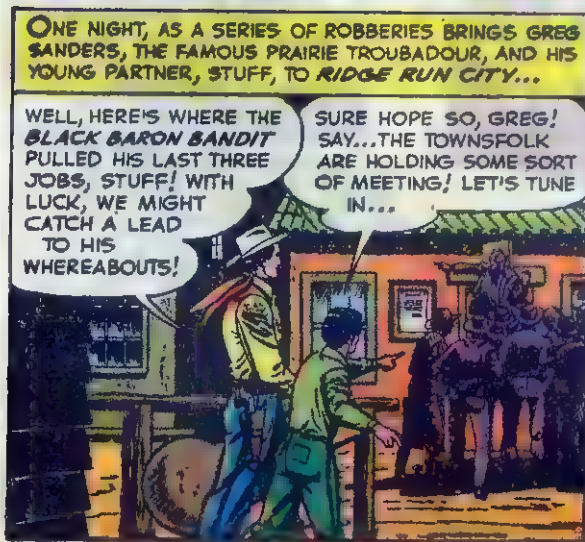
WELL, HERE'S WHERE THE BLACK BARON BANDIT PULLED HIS LAST THREE JOBS, STUFF! WITH LUCK, WE MIGHT CATCH A LEAD TO HIS WHEREABOUTS!

SURE HOPE SO, GREG! SAY...THE TOWNSFOLK ARE HOLDING SOME SORT OF MEETING! LET'S TUNE IN...

...AN' I'VE PUT UP THIS REWARD TO WARN THE BLACK BARON BANDIT THAT MY NEWSPAPER, THE DAILY BUGLE, AIMS TO FIGHT TILL HE'S LICKIN' HIS WOUNDS BEHIND BARS!

THAT'S TELLIN' HIM, EDITOR HAWKS!

\$1000 REWARD FOR INFORMATION LEADING TO CAPTURE OF BLACK BARON BANDIT. BERT HAWKS EDITOR



SUDDENLY...

BANG! BANG!

**GUNFIRE!
RUN FER YORE
LIVES!**

**GREG! ON THAT
ROOF--IT'S THE
BLACK BARON
BANDIT!**

LET'S GO, STUFF...
THIS IS A JOB FOR
THE *VIGILANTE!*

The Daily Bugle

**RIDGE
RUN
HOTEL**

DARTING BEHIND A BUILDING, GREG QUICKLY DONS THE AWESOME COSTUME OF **VIGILANTE**, MASKED CHAMPION OF LAW AND ORDER!

WARM UP THE VIG-CYCLE
STUFF! SECONDS COUNT!

I'M WAY AHEAD
OF YOU, VIG!

MOMENTS LATER...

THE **JET BOOSTER'S**
WIDE OPEN, VIG!

THAT SHOULD
TURN THE
TRICK! GET
READY TO
VEER OFF
AS SOON AS
I SNAG
THAT
PROJECTION!

WITH A SHARP LURCH OF THE AMAZING CYCLE, STUFF HURTLES HIS PARTNER SKYWARD!

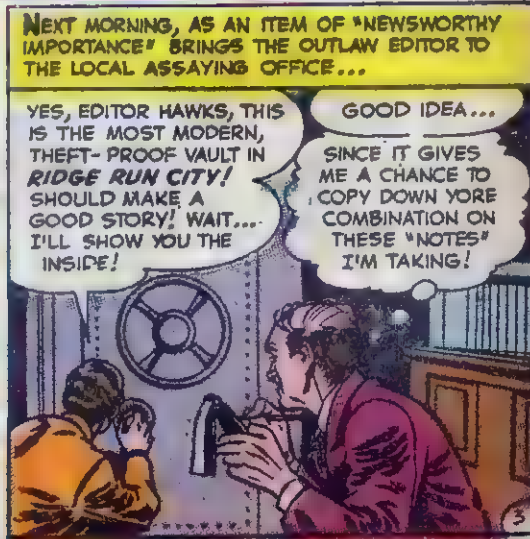
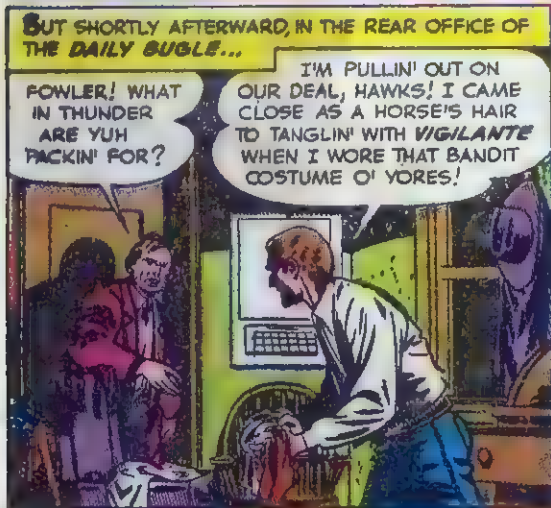
Wahoo! Just like you had wings, Vig!

**FED
RAIN**

BUT AS VIGILANTE ALIGHTS ON THE ROOF...

THUNDERATION! I
WASN'T PLANNING
ON THIS SKYLIGHT!
LOOKS LIKE THE
BLACK BARON
WINS THIS TIME!

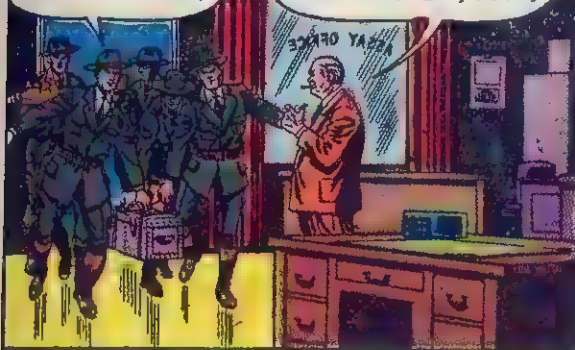
CRASH!



DAYS LATER, AS A VALUABLE CASH SHIPMENT ARRIVES AT THE ASSAYING OFFICE...

HOWDY, MR. GRAVES! THE RUN FROM TWIN ROCKS WENT OFF SMOOTH AS SADDLE LEATHER!

RECKON EVEN THE **BLACK BARON** WOULDN'T BE FOOL ENOUGH TO PULL ANYTHING WITH SIX ARMED GUARDS! BRING HER OVER HERE, BOYS!



BUT WHEN THEY SWING OPEN THE HEAVY VAULT DOOR...

DROP THAT CASH BOX AND RAISE YORE HANDS!

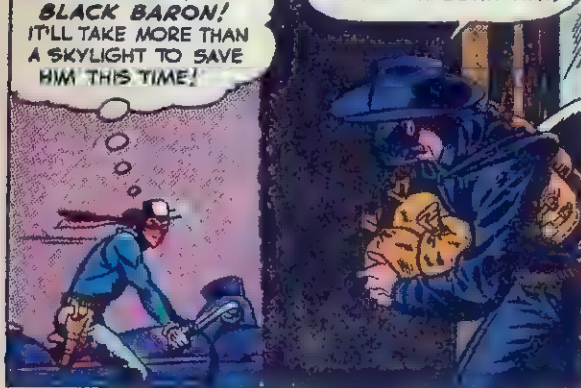
LEAPIN' JACK RABBITS-- THE **BLACK BARON**!



LOCKING THE GUARDS IN THE VAULT, THE MASKED RAIDER RACES OUT A SIDE DOOR-- BUT AT THAT MOMENT...

GREAT SCOTT! THE **BLACK BARON**! IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN A SKYLIGHT TO SAVE HIM THIS TIME!

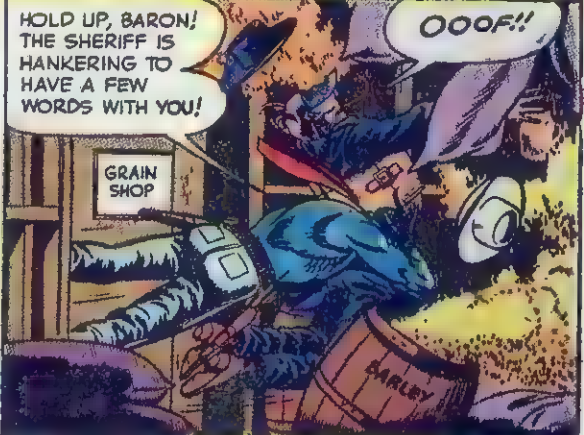
HUH? **VIGILANTE**! WASN'T EXPECTIN' HIM!



THROWING THE CYCLE'S AUTOMATIC BRAKES, **VIGILANTE** RAPIDLY CLOSES IN ON HIS GUILTY...

HOLD UP, BARON! THE SHERIFF IS HANKERING TO HAVE A FEW WORDS WITH YOU!

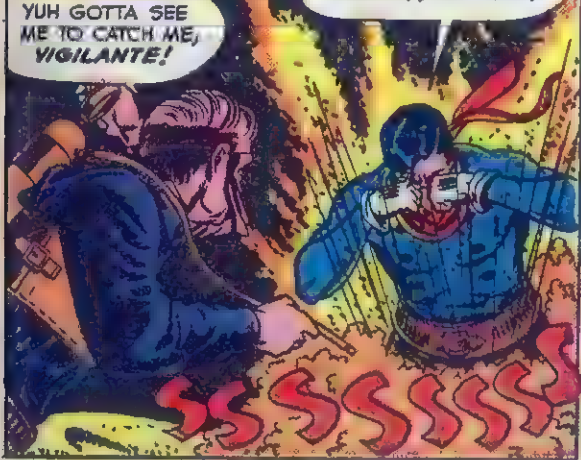
OOOF!!



BUT AS THEY SCRAMBLE TO THEIR FEET AMID A SEA OF GRAIN...

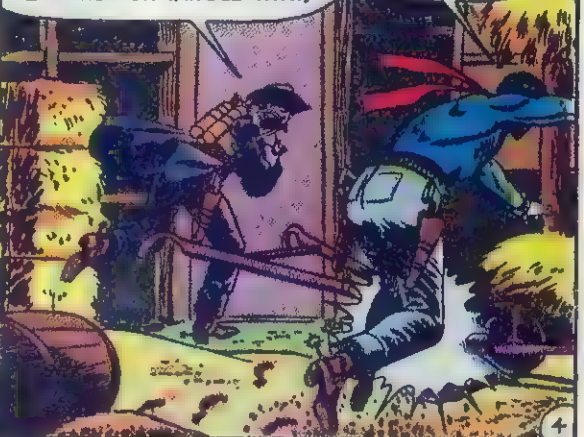
YUH GOTTA SEE ME TO CATCH ME, **VIGILANTE**!

WHAT--?? MY EYES!



HA, HA... YUH'RE A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES, **VIGILANTE**! NEXT TIME, BE MORE CAREFUL OF WHO YUH TANGLE WITH!

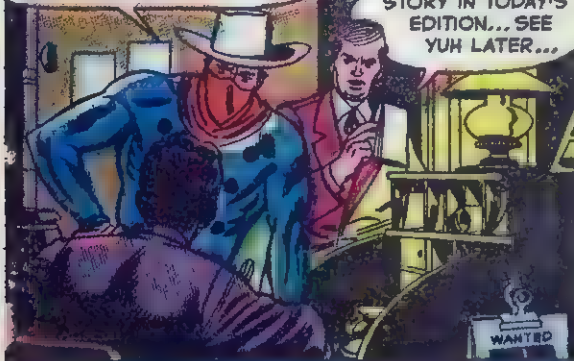
C-CAN'T SEE WH-WHERE I'M GOING!



SO ONCE AGAIN, THE **BLACK BARON BANDIT** ELUDES HIS FOE! PRESENTLY, AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...

YOU SEE, THE OWLHOOT UTILIZED THE AIR PRESSURE FROM HIS PORTABLE OXYGEN CONTAINER TO BLIND ME AND ESCAPE!

TOO BAD, **VIGILANTE!** WELL, I JUST GOT TIME TO GET THIS STORY IN TODAY'S EDITION... SEE YUH LATER...



AND AFTER EDITOR HAWKS LEAVES...

THE SLY COYOTE MUST'VE HOLED UP FOR HOURS INSIDE THAT VAULT, JUST WAITIN' FOR THE MONEY SHIPMENT TO ARRIVE, EH, **VIGILANTE?**

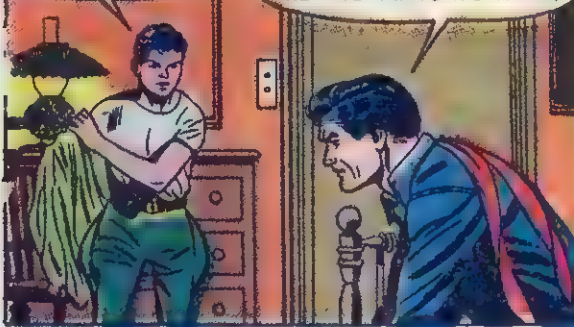
RIGHT, SHERIFF! SOMEHOW, HE WAS ABLE TO LEARN THE COMBINATION... AND WITH THAT SUPPLY OF OXYGEN, HE COULD HAVE WAITED INDEFINITELY!



THAT EVENING, IN GREG SANDERS' HOTEL ROOM...

OSH, GREG...IF WE DON'T CATCH UP WITH THE BARON SOON, HE'LL CLEAN THIS TOWN OUT!

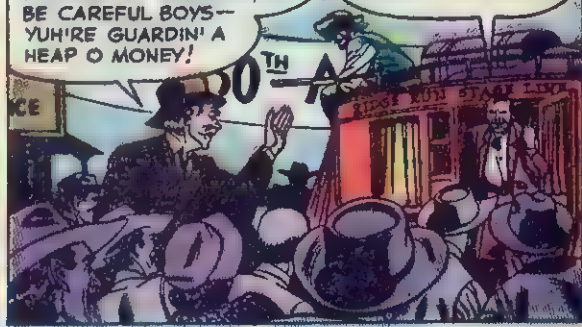
I KNOW, STUFF... HE'S THE MOST BRAZEN OUTLAW WE'VE EVER BEEN UP AGAINST! WE'LL JUST HAVE TO KEEP ALERT AND HOPE HE OVERPLAYS HIS HAND!



THE FOLLOWING WEEK, AS CITIZENS OF **RIDGE RUN** TURN OUT FOR A GALA CELEBRATION...

...AND SO, ON THIS 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF OUR CITY BANK, WE'RE DUPLICATING THE FIRST CASH SHIPMENT BY STAGE TO **TWIN ROCKS!** BE CAREFUL BOYS-- YUH'RE GUARDIN' A HEAP O' MONEY!

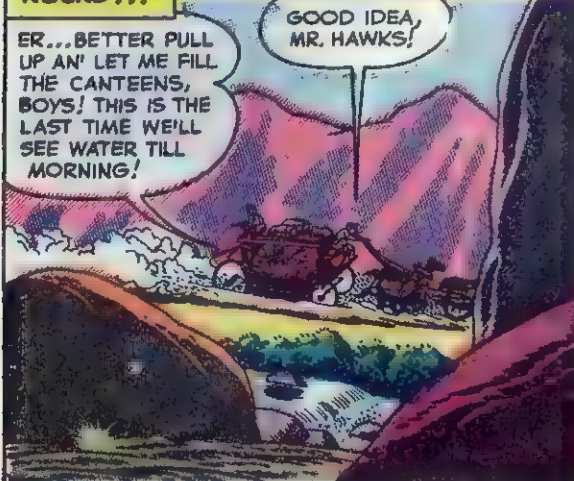
SO LONG, FOLKS! YUH CAN READ ALL ABOUT THE TRIP IN THE **DAILY BUSLE**, WHEN I GET BACK!



AWHILE LATER, EN ROUTE TO THE CITY OF **TWIN ROCKS**...

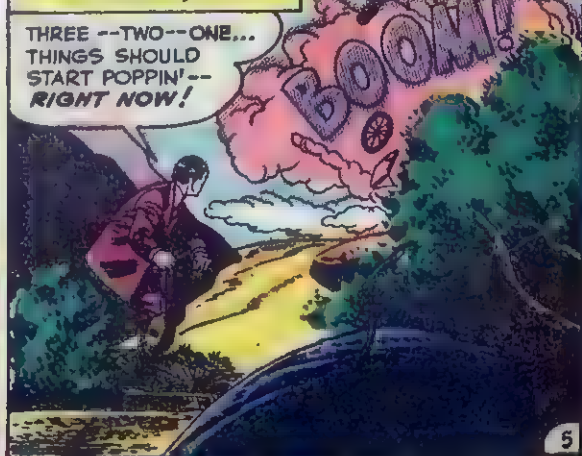
ER...BETTER PULL UP AN' LET ME FILL THE CANTEENS, BOYS! THIS IS THE LAST TIME WE'LL SEE WATER TILL MORNING!

GOOD IDEA, MR. HAWKS!



AND WHILE FILLING THE CANTEENS SOME DISTANCE FROM THE COACH, THE OUTLAW EDITOR COUNTS OFF VITAL SECONDS, UNTIL...

THREE --TWO--ONE... THINGS SHOULD START POPPIN'-- **RIGHT NOW!**



THEN...

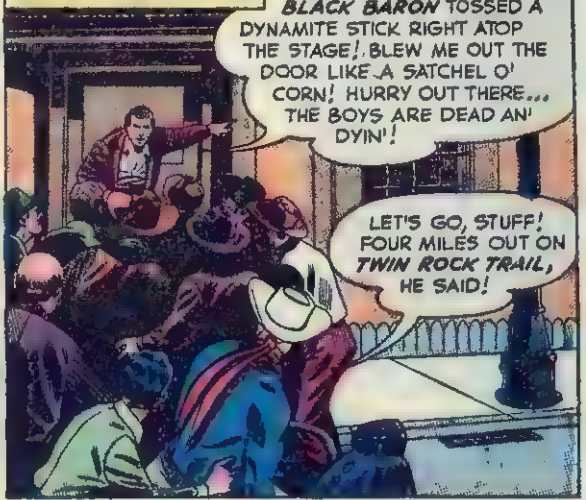
HA, HA...NEVER FIGURED YORE OWN NEWSPAPER EDITOR WOULD HAVE A TIME BOMB HID IN HIS BAG, EH, BOYS? I'LL JUST BURY THIS LOOT AN' HIGHTAIL IT FOR RIDGE RUN!



LATER, BACK IN TOWN...

IT WAS TERRIBLE! THE **BLACK BARON** TOSSED A DYNAMITE STICK RIGHT ATOP THE STAGE! BLEW ME OUT THE DOOR LIKE A SATCHEL O' CORN! HURRY OUT THERE... THE BOYS ARE DEAD AN' DYIN'!

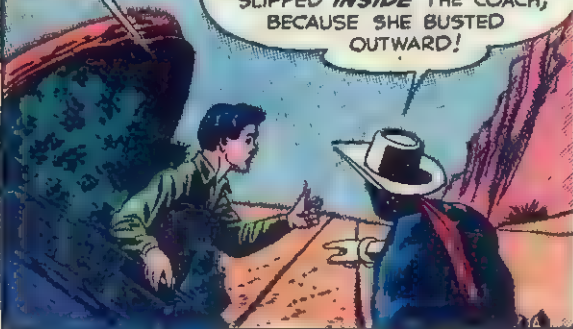
LET'S GO, STUFF! FOUR MILES OUT ON TWIN ROCK TRAIL, HE SAID!



SHORTLY, AT THE SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY...

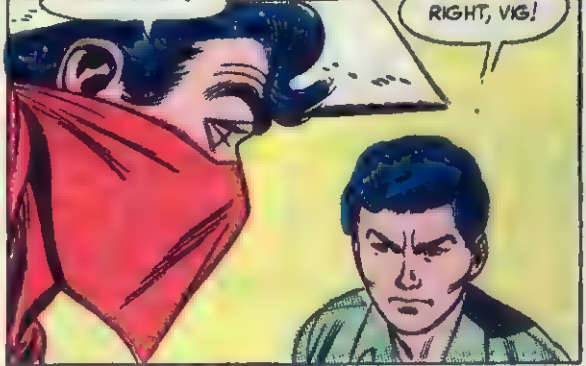
ALL THE OTHERS ARE--ARE DEAD, VIG!

THAT MAKES OUR **BLACK BARON** A MURDERER NOW! HMMM...THE COACH TRACKS RAN STRAIGHT AS AN ARROW TILL THE EXPLOSION! RECKON THAT DYNAMITE STICK SLIPPED *INSIDE* THE COACH, BECAUSE SHE BUSTED OUTWARD!



ONLY ONE THING TO DO, STUFF...PLAN A **STRATEGY**! THERE ARE ABOUT A DOZEN PLACES IN **RIDGE RUN CITY** THAT HANDLE MONEY BIG ENOUGH TO TEMPT THIS KILLER! WE'VE GOT TO REASON HIS NEXT MOVE AND BEAT HIM TO THE PUNCH!

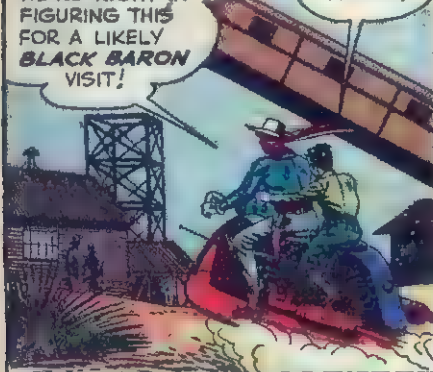
RIGHT, VIG!



NEXT MORNING...

THE MONTHLY PAYROLL FOR THE **FALLING ROCK MINING CAMP** IS DUE TOMORROW! I THINK WE'RE RIGHT IN FIGURING THIS FOR A LIKELY **BLACK BARON** VISIT!

LOOK--THERE'S THE SHERIFF AND EDITOR HAWKS!



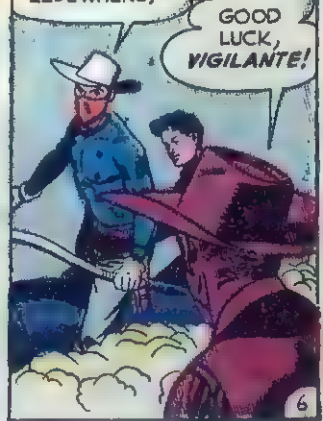
RECKON YUH GOT THE SAME IDEA WE DID, **VIGILANTE**! WELL, THE **BLACK BARON** WON'T GET THE CHANCE TO GRAB THE MINE PAYROLL! WE'RE SHIFIN' EVERYTHING ABOUT!

YES, INDEED...THE SHERIFF'S DIRECTED THE PAYROLL TRUCK TO COME UP THE TRAIL AN' DELIVER THE CASH TO A DEPUTY IN THAT SECRET MINE TUNNEL!



RIGHT SMART, SHERIFF! THAT MEANS STUFF AND I HAD BETTER SPEND OUR TIME CHECKING ELSEWHERE!

GOOD LUCK, **VIGILANTE**!



NEXT DAY, AS STUFF READS THE DAILY BUGLE TO VIGILANTE...

VIG, THIS EDITOR HAWKS SURE CAN WRITE--LISTEN TO HIS EYE-WITNESS REPORT OF THE STAGECOACH ROBBERY. "PULLED AT 40 MILES AN HOUR BY A TEAM OF SIX HORSES..."



...I SAW THE BLACK BARON SUDDENLY APPEAR FROM NOWHERE AND DROP A DYNAMITE STICK ON TOP OF OUR SPEEDING COACH..."

STUFF! GREAT THUNDER!



VIG, WHAT HIT YOU? GOT AN IDEA?

I'LL SAY I HAVE! NO TIME TO EXPLAIN... IT'S ALMOST 10 O'CLOCK, AND THE MINE PAY-ROLL IS DUE ON THE HOUR!

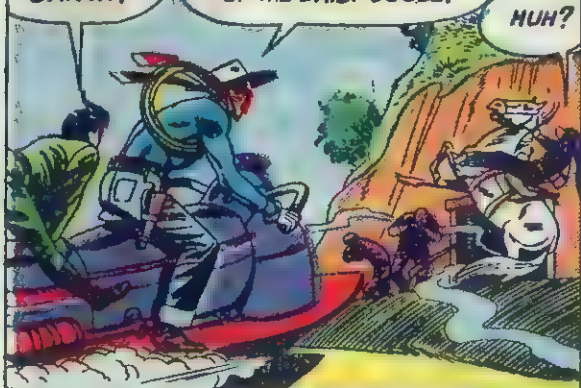


MINUTES LATER, THE VIG-CYCLE THUNDERS UP TO THE MINE'S REAR ENTRANCE, WHERE...

THE BLACK BARON!

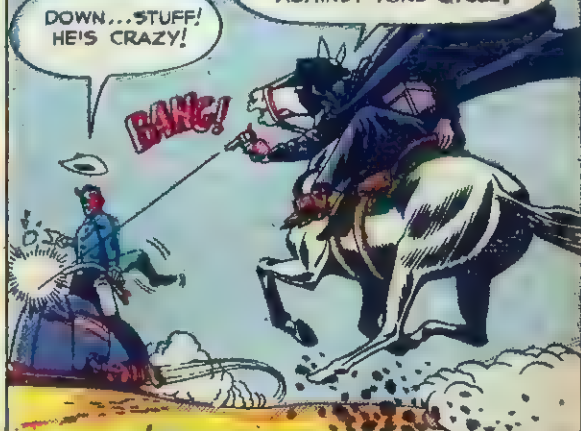
WHO'S ALSO EDITOR HAWKS OF THE DAILY BUGLE!

HUH?

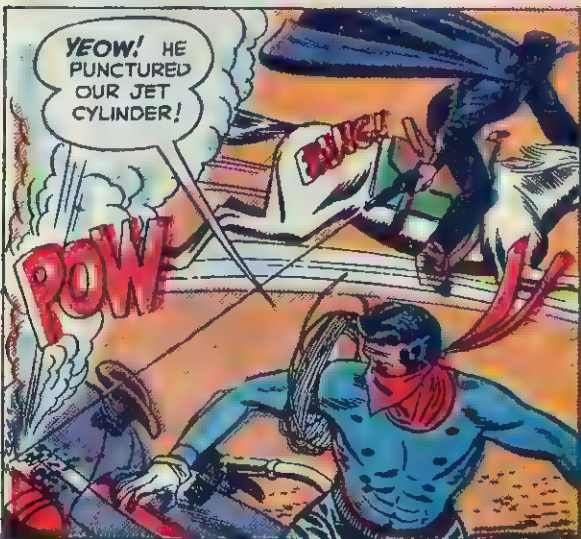


DOWN...STUFF! HE'S CRAZY!

YOU'LL NEVER GET ME, VIGILANTE! IT'S MY HORSE AGAINST YORE CYCLE!



YEOW! HE PUNCTURED OUR JET CYLINDER!



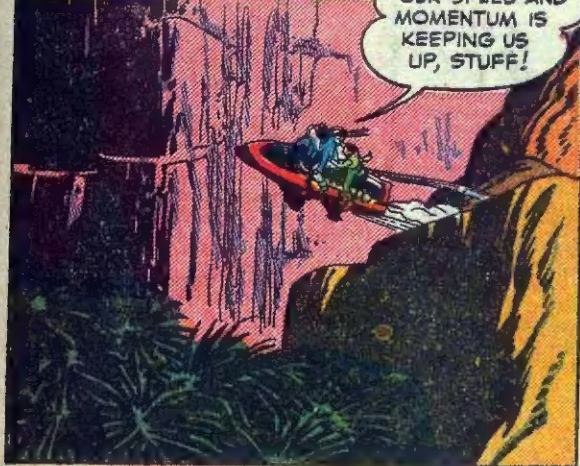
NOW WE CAN'T GET ANY BOOST INTO THE CYCLE!

THEN WE'LL HAVE TO BOOST OURSELVES! THAT CRITTER'S GOT A STUNT HORSE, AND WE'LL NEED A GOOD TRICK TO CORRAL HIM!



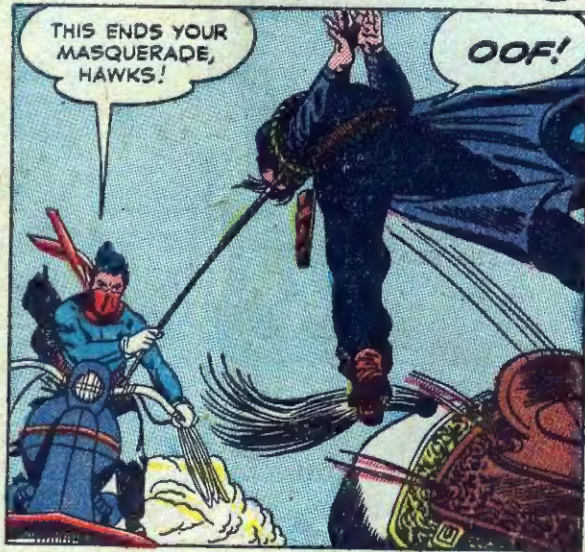
AT TREMENDOUS SPEED, THEY ZOOM HEADLONG FOR THE MOUNTAIN WALL, AND...

OUR SPEED AND MOMENTUM IS KEEPING US UP, STUFF!



THIS ENDS YOUR MASQUERADE, HAWKS!

OOF!



AND SO, PRESENTLY...

YUH MEAN HAWKS BETRAYED HIMSELF BY WRITING UP THE COACH STORY?

EXACTLY! HE CLAIMED THE COACH WAS SPEEDING ALONG WHEN THE DYNAMITE HIT! IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN, BECAUSE THE WHEEL TRACKS BEHIND IT WERE DEAD STRAIGHT! IT HAD TO BE AT A HALT WHEN SHE BLEW... BLOWN COACHES DON'T TRAVEL STRAIGHT LINES!

BESIDES, THE CHARGE BLEW UP INSIDE THE COACH--NOT OUTSIDE, AS HAWKS CLAIMED! EXAMINATION OF THE WRECKAGE PROVED THAT! HE MUST'VE PLANTED IT AND LEFT THE COACH!



THAT AFTERNOON, STARTLED CITIZENS GET AN EXTRA EDITION...

WUXTREE! WUXTREE! READ ALL ABOUT IT! EDITOR HAWKS IS BLACK BARON! GAINS INFORMATION ON CRIMES BY PRETENDING TO BE NEWSPAPER MAN!



THE END

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Latest Winner List! Free course winners in previous contest—from list just released: P. Allen, P.O. Box 1092, New London, Conn.; Mrs. C. Fultz, 740 N. Richmond, Tulsa, Okla.; Mrs. D. Arnold, Wellpinit, Wash.; Miss M. Deneke, 146 E. Main, Fredericktown, Mo.; P. Scott, 14 Stuyvesant Oval, New York, N. Y.

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Please enter my attached drawing in your March drawing contest.
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